THE

NEW REVIEW.

No. 38.—JULY, 1892.

THE ULSTER PROTESTANTS AND HOME RULE.

I.

WHETHER the Protestant population of Ulster is right or wrong in its opposition to Home Rule is a question which may be still worth discussing; but whether it is practically unanimous in such opposition is a matter which one would have thought had passed long ago beyond the bounds of controversy. There is no dispute, there never has been any dispute, as to the sentiments of the vast and overwhelming majority of the disestablished Episcopal Church of Ireland. It is taken for granted that the 700,000 adherents of that Church are almost all Unionists. There remain the non-Episcopal Churches. Of these by far the largest and most important is the Irish Presbyterian Church, with its six hundred and odd ministers. Next come the Wesleyan Methodists, with some two hundred and thirty ministers. There remain several smaller Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, and the Independents and Baptists, whose numbers are inconsiderable. Now I do not think that any doubt has ever existed in Ireland as to the Unionist feeling of any of these churches. There they are well known to be almost, if not quite, as unanimous in their opposition to Home Rule as the Episcopalian Protestants themselves. That a doubt should ever have existed on the subject in this country does not say much for that intimate acquaintance with Irish affairs which Mr. Gladstone is pleased to impute to English people when he is sneering at the efforts of Irish Nonconformists to bring their case before their co-religionists on this side of St. George's Channel. But such a doubt did exist; and, judging from the standpoint of the English Nonconformists, there was some ground for it. Many of the Irish Wesleyan ministers—indeed,

very likely the majority—were Conservatives before Mr. Gladstone declared in favour of Home Rule. It is not very many years ago since the same might have been said of the English Wesleyan Methodist ministers. Of the remaining Nonconformist ministers of Ireland the proportion between Liberals and Conservatives was not very different from that which obtains at present in this country. But the English Nonconformists turned their coats when Mr. Gladstone turned his; and they persuaded themselves that they were persuaded, when they had only changed. It was not unnatural, therefore, that they should assume that their Irish brethren were equally obedient to the word of command, and that their opinions were equally susceptible to the influences of party discipline.

It was probably, therefore, in ignorance of, rather than with indifference to, the opinions of the Irish Nonconformists that a large number of English and Welsh Nonconformist ministers presented an address to Mr. Gladstone at the Memorial Hall, I think in the spring of 1888, in favour of Home Rule. It was not until then that it was thought necessary to make a counter demonstration and bring prominently before the attention of the English public, and particularly the Nonconformist portion of it, the irreconcilable difference of opinion between the signatories of the Memorial Hall address and their Irish brethren, to whom Home Rule was not a matter of mere speculative interest, but one of immediate and very practical importance.

This thing was not "done in a corner." The first leader of the *Times* on Wednesday, October 10th, 1888, commences thus:—

> "One of the most interesting and important items of news that have appeared for some time will be found in our columns to-day in the shape of an announcement that a banquet will be given on November 14th to Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington, under the auspices of the Nonconformist Unionist Association, when an address, signed by Irish Nonconformist ministers, will be presented to them in favour of the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. An overwhelming majority of the Nonconformist ministers of Ireland have already signed the address."

The terms of this address were published in the Press, and were carefully studied by Mr. Gladstone; for at a meeting held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on November 7th, 1888, he said, "I quote from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* . . . . . a document which is to be presented on the 14th of this month to Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury—a most touching and fraternal combination—by the Noncon-

forming ministers of Ireland. Now listen to what they say—" and he proceeded to read and comment upon the address. He answers it by anticipation in these words :—

"Did it never occur to these wise and overwise Nonconformist ministers that if local knowledge of Ireland, local experience in Ireland, was a test of capacity to judge on the question of Home Rule, they, a handful of men in the North, were put out of court—were put already out of court, because the vast majority of Irishmen, who have certainly as much local knowledge and as much personal experience about Ireland as these Nonconformist ministers, are convinced, determined, hereditary friends of the doctrine of Home Rule?"

I pause here to remark that, of course, at Bingley Hall Mr. Gladstone was addressing a mixed audience, not an audience of Dissenters. He could, therefore, afford to sneer at the claims of Nonconformist ministers to a hearing on the subject of Home Rule. On Saturday, June 18th, at the house of Mr. Guinness Rogers, speaking to an exclusively Nonconformist audience, he said :—

"I could wish that that highly respectable Presbyterian body in Ireland, which has never in old times been closely connected with the odious cause of ascendency, would have given us more positive and determinate evidence of the state of opinion among them."

Now, as I shall show shortly, that highly respectable Presbyterian body in Ireland has done its very best to afford Mr. Gladstone and everybody else an insight into its opinions ; but for the present my point is this: If the whole body of Nonconformist ministers in Ireland, including the Presbyterians, were "out of court" on October 10th, 1888 ; and if they were to be sneered at in the not very refined manner of the passage I have quoted for venturing to express their opinions then, why does Mr. Gladstone wish to have "more positive and determinate evidence" of those opinions now?

But let me proceed. The address was duly presented on November 14th, 1888. I need not reproduce its terms here. It is, perhaps, fortunate that an opportunity has so recently been afforded of placing it again before the public of Great Britain. The address with signatures appended was printed, and a copy presented to each guest and to each representative of the Press. I desire to observe specifically, for a purpose that will shortly appear, that the representative of the *Daily News* duly received his copy. The proceedings at this meeting were reported in the *Times* and every other newspaper of importance in the country. A multitude of leading articles was devoted to the demonstration. I need

only quote the commencement of the first *Times* leader for November 15th, 1888 :—

"Since Mr. Gladstone went over nearly three years ago with bag and baggage to the camp of Mr. Parnell, no more remarkable or significant demonstration has taken place in the political world than the protest of the Nonconformist ministers of Ireland against the Separatist policy. . . . There are some nine hundred and ninety ministers of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist churches in Ireland, and of these eight hundred and sixty-four have signed the address to Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington."

Until Saturday, June 18th, 1892, the accuracy of the printed list of signatures, and of the statement appended to them, passed unchallenged. The statement in question was read and commented upon by Lord Salisbury in his speech in reply to the address ; it was repeated in scores of newspapers, and in pamphlets and leaflets, many thousands of which have been circulated, and not one word of contradiction ever reached the ears of any gentlemen connected with the demonstration of November 14th, 1888.

But on Saturday, June 18th, Mr. Gladstone gave his Nonconformist hearers to understand that the Irish Nonconformist ministers had never, as a body, expressed an opinion unfavourable to Home Rule. It is worth while to reproduce the passage.

"I see in the newspapers something about nine hundred and ninety Protestant ministers who are anti-Home Rulers in Ireland. Where are their signatures? They have never been produced. But certain gentlemen come forward and say that they are convinced that they are almost all of the same mind. That has never been proved, and I should like to see them submit that opinion to the same test which those ministers in Scotland freely submitted to twelve or fourteen years ago. I do not believe that they can produce nine hundred and ninety names, or anything near it, of Protestant ministers in Ireland. I am not including the Disestablished Church. And, at any rate, I think that when they venture to speak, and no doubt quite honestly, of their representing the whole body of the Protestants of Ireland, or even of the Presbyterians of Ireland, we ought to receive that statement with very considerable discount in the interior of our own minds."

Had the circumstance of the presentation of the address to Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington altogether escaped Mr. Gladstone's memory? Here I am in a dilemma. He referred to this event a week beforehand at Bingley Hall. He can hardly have failed to read some account of it when it actually took place. It was evidently not from his point of view an unimportant matter. He thought it worth while to discount the demonstration as much as possible at Birmingham. But I

shall get into trouble if I suggest that Mr. Gladstone's memory is failing him, especially upon a question which, by his own showing in his speech at Mr. Guinness Rogers's, is a material ingredient in the consideration of a Home Rule Bill. I must not hint that the statesman in whose heart alone resides the solution of the Irish problem had overlooked what purported to be the expression of opinion of so important a section of the population to be affected as the Irish Nonconformists. And yet I cannot bring myself to face the alternative that Mr. Gladstone remembered the demonstration but believed that it was a sham, and the signatures to the address a forgery.

The signatures, to the number of eight hundred and sixty-three, were re-published in the *Times* of June 20th, concurrently with Mr. Gladstone's speech, and I stated in a letter to the editor that anyone who desired to see the originals might do so upon application at my chambers. (I may here observe that not a single Gladstonian has taken advantage of my invitation.) But if information which reaches me is correct this does not prevent Gladstonian orators from asserting, upon the authority of their leader, that the signatures have "never been produced," or Gladstonian audiences from hooting down Conservative or Liberal Unionist speakers who affirm that they have. And further to illustrate fairmindedness in political controversy, the *Daily News*, in a leader (June 24th), asserts that the signatures of the Irish Nonconformist ministers, which were printed and distributed three years and a half ago, a copy being furnished at the time to its own representative, "were only produced after a challenge from Mr. Gladstone"!

In corroboration of the statement that nearly all those ministers who abstained from signing the address to Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington are nevertheless determinately opposed to Home Rule, I may quote the words of the representatives of the two largest denominations. Dr. Lynd, representing the Irish Presbyterian Church, said in his speech :—

"Though our address is signed by an overwhelming majority of the ministers of our Church, I admit that it is not signed by all. We have a number of ministers who, for very sufficient reasons, decline to take any part in political movements of a party character—some who object to take part in any. I strongly sympathise with the motives of these brethren. Until Mr. Gladstone sprang his Parnellite policy on the nation, I never stood on a party platform, and if I believed that that question was one of party, most decidedly I should still pursue the same course. Some names are wanting on that ground, not because those who held those views have any sympathy with Gladstonian policy. Others

have not attached their signatures lest it might interfere with their usefulness in the south and west of Ireland, who are yet in full accord with us. A few fear that by signing the address encouragement may be given to lay an arrest on further Liberal legislation on the land and other questions. With all those reasons we can more or less sympathise, but I am here to affirm that, so far as I am aware, there are not more than four, or, at the very furthest, half a dozen, of our ministers who advocate or support Mr. Gladstone's policy of a separate Parliament and Executive for Ireland."

The Rev. Dr. Evans, representing the Wesleyan Methodist Church, said, speaking of the ministers of that body :—

"The few who have not signed, for the most part fully agree with their brethren, hold opinions just as strongly opposed to Home Rule as they, and the proofs of this are in my possession under their own hands; but for reasons, partly prudential and partly arising out of the devotion they owe to their sacred office, they prefer to remain in private."

There is no reason to suppose that any material change has occurred in the feelings of the ministers of either of these denominations or of the other and smaller denominations since 1888. At the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, containing about an equal number of ministers and laymen, only twelve persons are alleged to have held up their hands against an Anti-Home Rule resolution; and of these only six were ministers. One of the six, I presume, would be the Rev. Craig Houston, who has written to the *Daily News* to say that though he has not become a Home Ruler he would not now sign such an address as that which he signed in 1888.

Mr. Gladstone says that he has received letters from Ulster elders and from Ulster ministers "expressing deep regret at the language which is held in their assemblies by their Moderators as tending to the exasperation of the controversy," and adds that these gentlemen uniformly decline to allow him to publish their names for fear, as he assumes, of "social boycotting, and, perhaps religious boycotting." One would like to know how many of these correspondents of Mr. Gladstone's were ministers, and whether they added to their very proper denunciation of exasperating language—such for example as "wise and overwise ministers," "fools and rogues," and so forth—the statement that they were in favour of his Home Rule Bill. One would also like to know whether they state their apprehension "of social and religious boycotting," or whether Mr. Gladstone's surmises on this point are derived from allegations of Tories and Royal Commissioners and others as to

the playful eccentricities of the Nationalist majority. It is a new and refreshing idea that some poor oppressed Presbyterian ministers may find refuge from "social and religious boycotting," to say nothing of the exasperating language of moderators, under the shelter of Parnellite Home Rule. Mr. T. Shillington, who came from Belfast to swell the very moderate dimensions of the Ulster Home Rule dinner party at the Holborn Restaurant, has also something to say about the terrified Nonconformist minister. "There are many Nonconformist ministers," said he, "who dared not as they valued their usefulness to their churches give expression to the feelings and convictions they entertained on this question." From the nature of the case it is no use asking for something like proof of this assertion. But if Mr. Shillington's statement is true, how convincingly it shows that even when the Irish Nonconformist ministers are not on the side of the Union, their congregations are.

Facts are too strong for Mr. Gladstone. It must be accepted by all reasonable men as indisputable that not only the majority, but the overwhelming majority, of the Irish Nonconformists, ministers and congregations alike, are opposed to Home Rule. It may be questioned whether so large a population as that of Protestant Ulster ever before displayed so near an approach to absolute unanimity on any political subject.

But Ulstermen generally, and Irish Nonconformist ministers in particular, are "out of court." They are out of court, according to Mr. Gladstone, because the Nationalists of Ireland are in a majority, and the Nationalists are the "hereditary friends of Home Rule." Of course they are. It has been truly observed that opinions upon the practice of bear-baiting must vary according as that sport is regarded from the standpoint of the bear-baiters or from that of the bear. It is a little hard upon the bear to be told that he is out of court because the majority do not share his opinion.

The Ulster Nonconformists have expressed their belief that sooner or later Home Rule would lead to the direct or indirect endowment of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Gladstone replies that his Bill of 1886 provided specifically against this, and that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues accepted this provision. But let those who talk of a "Paper Union" tell Ulstermen what is the value of paper guarantees. And as for Mr. Parnell's assurances, considering his own subsequent explanation of their value, it is surprising that any human being should attach any serious importance to them. Ulstermen may be excused for believing that the Nationalists, particularly if they continued to be

represented in the Imperial Parliament and held the balance, as they might do, between British political parties, would find a way of securing any modification they might please of the Home Rule Act. But English Nonconformists have been kind enough to promise that in resisting the endowment of Roman Catholicism, Irish Nonconformists should have their sympathy and support. Would they? Would they, for instance, if Mr. Gladstone gave way upon the point? And suppose they had. The sympathy of English Nonconformists would, of course, always be very soothing and delightful to their Irish brethren; but how far would their support be extended? Would it be continued if it involved the exclusion of a Gladstonian Ministry from office for several years? It would, of course, be discontinued if civil war seemed likely to result. I cannot think that the Nationalists would be much dismayed by the prospect of the Irish Nonconformists obtaining at some future period the sympathy and support of their English brethren.

But the main reasons of Protestant Ulster's dread and hatred of Home Rule are systematically ignored. They have been stated and restated, and remain unanswered. The Ulster Protestants say they will never submit to the rule of men like the leaders of the Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite parties, men whose characters are sufficiently demonstrated by their recorded speeches and their recorded acts, and by the candid descriptions which they have recently given of one another. They say they will never submit to place their liberties in the power of the Nationalist majority who have followed the lead of these men, and who have either openly sympathised with atrocious and widespread crime, or have been terrorised into a base submission or a still baser silence. They say that the rule of the Land League, however acceptable to one portion of the community, was a frightful tyranny to another, and they see no reason to expect that a Government consisting of the very men who ruled the Land League, and supported by the very majority which gave the Land League its power, can be safely trusted to preside over their destinies or protect their rights.

The Irish Nonconformists are told by eminent Nonconformist ministers that they are out of court because they are not Nonconformists at all. Nor is this a mere verbal criticism, because Mr. Guinness Rogers, at the Holborn Restaurant dinner, made the same remark with reference to Sir George Chubb, who is well known to be an attached and devoted member of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination. Mr. Rogers could not have meant that Sir George Chubb would be more properly de-

scribed as a non-Episcopalian. No; in the opinion of some English Nonconformists at least, it is nothing that the Irish members of denominations corresponding to the Nonconformist denominations of England are men of the same faith, the same forms of worship, the same Church government. The true "note" of Nonconformity is wanting. They have not bowed down to the political idol which their English brethren have set up.

To Irish Nonconformists, however, who had not realised this new dividing line in faith, it is a bitter reflection that their English co-religionists who refuse to listen to them are the very men in whose hands their destinies are placed. The vote of English Nonconformity could certainly save them from the betrayal which they dread. And if their cause is lost, it is not from their enemies that the blow will come, but from the hand of their "familiar friends"—men united with them in the sacred bonds of religious communion.

Before Mr. Gladstone adopted the policy of Mr. Parnell there were hardly more Home Rulers amongst the ministers of the English Nonconformist Churches than there are now amongst the ministers of the corresponding churches in Ireland. It is no wonder that Churchmen and the non-religious world should ascribe their sudden abandonment of long paraded principles to the hope of hastening Disestablishment. The moral influence of Dissent in the past has depended not upon its Nonconformity to the Church but upon its Nonconformity to the world. Is it any wonder that thoughtful men, even amongst "Liberationists," have begun of late years to ask whether the alliance of religion with a political party may not be at least as baneful in its consequences as the alliance of religion with the State?

W. E. BALL.

II.

IT is with much reluctance and pain that I feel myself called on to reply to the appeal of the Non-Episcopalians of Ireland to the Nonconformists of Great Britain. It is very distressing to me to say anything that may grieve brethren whom I love, and with whom I long to co-operate. But I dare not refuse at so critical a moment in the history of our country to do my humble part in vindicating what I believe to be the fundamental principles of Evangelical Christianity.

Our Irish brethren must take all responsibility for the controversy into which they have forced us. It would have been immeasurably better, in my judgment, if they had acted simply as citizens, and not dragged a political issue about which there are great differences of opinion into their church meetings; or, at any rate, have spared us the painful necessity of a direct reply to their appeals. But they have in a loud voice appealed to us as Nonconformists. Political partisans in this country are taking eager advantage of their action, and are demanding, sometimes in very discourteous terms, that we should reply to the appeal of our Irish co-religionists. I trust, however, that nothing which we are now compelled to say will prevent our brethren in Ireland from realising how much we respect them, and how anxious we are to meet their wishes to the utmost degree consistent with loyalty to sacred conviction.

The Irish appeal begins by assuming that British Nonconformists "do not realise the position in which the Irish Protestants would be placed if what is called Home Rule, as proposed by Mr. Gladstone, or any modification thereof as shadowed forth by his followers, were adopted." I have no doubt that our Irish brethren make this assumption in their charity, as they wish to put the best possible construction on our conduct. They sincerely try to escape from the necessity of anathematising us, by desperately ascribing to us an almost invincible ignorance. Kind-hearted Roman Catholics try in a similar way to find a way of salvation for Protestants. But I am afraid we cannot avail ourselves of this charitable plea. I think if we were cross-examined it would be found that we understand every phase and aspect of the Irish question. Our Irish brethren themselves have been incessantly engaged in assisting our education during the last seven years. I myself am constantly receiving newspapers and letters, some very courteous and some extremely the reverse, from zealous Unionists in Ireland. And I may honestly say that I have always read these communications with care. Our Irish brethren must abandon all hope of bringing us round to their convictions by means of arguments that they imagine have not yet reached us. We have pondered their facts and arguments over and over and over again. The profound difference which now exists between us is not the result of ignorance, but of a fundamental difference in our conception of the Protestant religion. I hope that our Irish brethren will not refuse to hear us. We have willingly heard them. I cannot refrain from saying that there runs through their controversial com-

munications the same assumption of infallibility that we are accustomed to note in communications from the Vatican. Again and again, when we have read or heard their statements, we have been disposed to echo the words which Oliver Cromwell addressed to the Presbyterians of Scotland: "I beseech you, brethren, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, believe in the possibility of your being mistaken." We cannot make any progress in this grave controversy if either side assumes that it is absolutely infallible, and that all who do not agree with it are either very wicked or very ignorant. If our brethren will bear with us, we will explain to them why English, Welsh, and Scotch Nonconformists are nearly as unanimous in support of Home Rule as our Irish brethren are in opposition to it.

The appeal to which I desire to reply begins its substantial argument by asserting that "the whole body of Irish Protestants are practically unanimous in their desire to continue to be governed with their British brethren by the Imperial Parliament." It is not proposed, and it never has been proposed, that they should be governed by anybody else in Imperial and international matters. Even in the original draft of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, Ireland would have continued in all things not purely local to be subject to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. But the suggested exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster has long been abandoned. Now, therefore, more than ever, in relation to all issues about which legitimate anxiety could be felt, Ireland will be governed by the Imperial Parliament even if Home Rule is granted. But, doubtless, our Irish brethren mean that they wish all purely local Irish affairs to be settled at Westminster and not at Dublin, and on this point they think that we ought to be impressed by their practical unanimity. But I visited the Southern States of North America last autumn, and I found that before the abolition of slavery my co-religionists in those States were as unanimously in favour of the corrupt political system which sanctioned slavery as our Irish brethren are in favour of the rule of Dublin Castle. If, therefore, the unanimity of excellent Christians on the spot is to be decisive of such issues, we must support slavery as well as the existing political arrangements with Ireland. We are very sorry to annoy our brethren. But as they compel us to speak, we are bound to say that we feel ourselves in a better position than they are to estimate the meaning and the merits of this controversy, on the obvious and proverbial ground that lookers-on understand the game best, and that a man is not a good judge in his own cause. The document

before me proves that our Irish brethren have so long breathed the atmosphere of Protestant ascendency that they have unconsciously forgotten one of the fundamental principles of Protestantism. It is almost impossible for them to give this proposal an impartial and passionless consideration. They ought not to forget that all our sympathies are with them; that all our prejudices are in their favour; that we are as intensely anxious as they that the Protestant religion should prevail in Ireland; and yet, after having heard both sides of the case, we are reluctantly compelled to give our verdict against them. It seems to us that our brethren have forgotten what Protestantism means, and that they have also forgotten the true source of their strength. We cannot conceive how they could have brought themselves to say that they "dread being placed in any respect under the power of a separate Irish Parliament." That word "dread" sounds very strange to our Protestant ears. We miss in it altogether the sturdy independence and the fearlessness of Martin Luther and John Knox and Oliver Cromwell. We cannot even understand how so large, so wealthy, so intelligent, so compact, and so powerful a Protestant minority can "dread" their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. We find it difficult to realise that our Protestant brethren in Ireland are really afraid that they will not be able to hold their own in a national Parliament. We have much more faith in them than they in themselves. We believe that if they would only cease to rely upon foreign bayonets, and put their trust in truth and freedom and constitutional agitation, they would in a few years become the rulers of Ireland. Hitherto the Irish Protestants have been very badly treated at Westminster. Each party in turn, in its anxiety to quiet the Roman Catholic majority in Ireland, has been driven to bribe the Roman Catholics of that country with all sorts of concessions, and to ignore or snub the Protestants. The position of the Irish Protestants in Westminster during the last half century has been anything but a dignified or influential one. Both reason and history compel us to conclude that if they would abandon the suicidal attitude which they have assumed in opposition to the inextinguishable patriotism of their fellow-countrymen, they would very soon acquire in Dublin a position of respect and dignity which they never have enjoyed and never can enjoy in Westminster.

But the appeal goes on to say that as we are "at a distance" we "possibly do not appreciate the power which the Roman Catholic Bishops and priests have over the great bulk of Irish Roman Catholics,

and the determination which they display to compel obedience to their directions in temporal as well as in spiritual matters." But we assure our Irish brethren that we understand this only too well. The Roman Catholic hierarchy is the same in every land. The Bishops and clergy of the Romish Church make no claims there which they do not make everywhere else. And if they are able to carry these claims into practice on a larger scale in Ireland than in other parts of the British Empire, it is simply and precisely because they have succeeded in enlisting on their side the irresistible forces of patriotism. Our Irish brethren are responsible for the awful power of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. They have played into the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy. They have abandoned one of the fundamental principles of Protestantism. They have placed it at the disposal of the Latin hierarchy. In every country in the world in which Protestantism has triumphed it has triumphed by reason of a double protest. First of all a protest against anyone coming between the individual soul and Christ; and, secondly, a protest against anyone coming between the individual citizen and his country. Rome has never been defeated by a purely theological movement, based on an appeal to the Bible, because Rome depends a great deal more upon discipline than upon doctrine. The Ultramontane authority of the Papacy has never been shattered until Patriotism or the Home Rule sentiment came to the assistance of Biblical theology. Long before England had, as the result of Biblical argument, rejected the theological dogmas of sacerdotalism she had come to the conclusion that she would not be governed by an Italian priest. It was the same in Scotland, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Scandinavia, and wherever Protestantism triumphed. It is impossible to fight Rome successfully so long as the Home Rule sentiment is on her side. There is no hope that Ireland will ever accept the Protestant religion until the majority of the Irish people cease to regard Protestantism as synonymous with a foreign yoke. It may, of course, be said that the soldiers who hold down Ireland to-day do not represent a foreign yoke. The plain answer to that assertion is to take those soldiers away. Everyone knows what would happen in forty-eight hours. At present, unfortunately, Irish Protestants act and speak as though they were Englishmen or Scotchmen. They seem to forget that Ireland is their native land. How is it possible for us to hope that the majority of the Irish people will ever listen to the Protestant Gospel while they are regarded with the dislike and dread which breathe through every section

of the appeal just made to the Nonconformists of Great Britain? Let any one of our Protestant brethren in Ireland put himself in the place of an Irish Roman Catholic. And then let him honestly consider what would be the effect upon his mind of the statement that when the Roman Catholic majority are able to act without being controlled by an army and by an armed police, they will proceed to grovel in the most degraded and superstitious manner before their ministers of religion, and to be guilty of the grossest forms of tyranny and wrong to the Protestant minority. What have the great majority of the Irish people ever done that entitles our Protestant brethren to paint them in colours so dark and so repulsive? Do our brethren really think that they have the mind of Christ, or that they are advancing the interests of the Kingdom of God by trying to persuade us to hate and dread the Roman Catholics of Ireland? We have tried hatred, and dread, and brute force for many a long and miserable century. Is it not time to try kindness, and conciliation, and goodwill, and mutual confidence? We say plainly that we do not believe the Roman Catholics of Ireland, as a whole, are the degraded wretches that our Irish brethren picture to us. We can find no evidence of the truth of that dreadful indictment. Indeed, we are bound to confess that the Roman Catholics have in recent years displayed a more conciliatory temper than the Protestants. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the Roman Catholics in Dublin recognise the claims of the Protestant minority more conspicuously than the Protestant majority in Belfast recognises the municipal claims of the Roman Catholic minority there. We loathe and detest the atrocities that have been perpetrated in Ireland as much as do the Protestants of Ireland. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there have been gross atrocities on both sides. And we should be very sorry to believe that the bulk either of the Roman Catholics or of the Protestants sanctioned the iniquities that have been perpetrated in their name. Everyone who has the least familiarity with history is aware that in times of political tension and national struggle for freedom desperate characters come to the surface and desperate deeds are done. There were foul crimes and assassinations during the progress of the great movement for the emancipation of Italy. But the existence of these atrocities did not prevent the immense majority of the people of this country from receiving Joseph Garibaldi with unparalleled enthusiasm, and from sympathising with the movement which has made Italy free. Indeed, it is one of the most familiar axioms of statesmanship that true wisdom does not consist in violently sup-

pressing revolutionary outbursts and outrages, but in calmly considering the causes of these deplorable events, and removing the cause. We are not much influenced by the attacks which our Irish brethren make upon certain prominent leaders of the Home Rule party. We know that in the existing abnormal state of affairs extreme men become very prominent. They will disappear when the crisis is over, and a different class of men will become the rulers of the people. Ulster ought to provide the real rulers of the Irish people, and Ulster statesmen will be heartily welcomed as soon as they cease to attack and disparage their fellow-countrymen.

What is the fundamental assumption which underlies the appeal addressed to us? It is this: that wherever Roman Catholics are in a majority, the Protestant minority is entitled to the protection of foreign bayonets! If this assumption is applied to any other country in the world we shall at once see how extravagant it is. What would be said of the Protestants of France, who are a much smaller and feebler minority than the Protestants of Ireland, if they argued that the foreign armies of Germany ought to have remained permanently entrenched upon French soil in order to protect their Protestant co-religionists from the cruel despotism of the Roman Catholic majority of the people? No Frenchman would be so unpatriotic as to lean upon German bayonets. And if at any time French Protestantism had displayed a disposition to trust Germans rather than Frenchmen, such conduct would have fatally condemned the Protestant religion in the eyes of the French race. It is the strange disposition of the Irish Protestants to trust Englishmen rather than Irishmen that has made Ireland the most intensely Roman Catholic country in the world. The effect of that sad and suicidal mistake cannot be undone at once, but the sooner we begin to undo it the better.

We gladly admit that the unhappy discord between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism in Ireland (for which we must hold Protestantism mainly responsible, as it has had almost absolute power for generations) creates a necessity for some guarantees against an abuse of power until the two sections of the Irish people have learned to treat one another with the courtesy and political goodwill with which Protestant and Roman Catholic Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen treat one another on the larger island. Hence the necessity of indicating certain definite and precise guarantees in connection with the concession of national self-government to Ireland. Our Irish brethren

say that "no guarantees, moral or material, can be devised which will guard the rights of the Protestant minorities" in Ireland. And they actually proceed to enforce this doctrine of despair by adding: "History as well as experience, in this and other lands, assure us of this." We can only say in reply that they must have read their history upside down. For we are not aware of any country in the civilised world in which a Protestant minority of the magnitude of the Irish Protestant minority is at this moment treated in the way in which they fear they will be treated should Home Rule be granted. We challenge our Irish brethren to mention a single case. Protestants are in a small minority in France and in Italy. Are they persecuted there? On the contrary, they have been admitted to the highest offices in the Government, and enjoy at this moment perfect religious freedom. Why should it be assumed that Irish Roman Catholics will not behave as well as French or Italian Roman Catholics, when they are treated properly? Our Irish brethren argue as though the Imperial Government had no duty to any section of the community except themselves. Have the majority of the Irish people in Ireland and in the United States and in all lands no right to be heard, no claims to be considered? Are their sentiments and aspirations to be treated with contempt and to be trampled under foot? It is true our Protestant brethren say that everything is almost ideally perfect under the government of Mr. Balfour. But they can scarcely expect us to swallow that *ex parte* statement without investigation. Surely they are not the only persons who have the right to be heard. The overwhelming majority of the Irish race flatly and indignantly contradicts the statement. The Imperial Government owes duties to Roman Catholics as well as to Protestants. They have a right to be heard. And if the immense majority of the Irish race desire Home Rule, on what principle of justice, or of freedom, or of Protestantism, are we justified in withholding that inalienable right simply because the minority of the Irish people are opposed to it? In this world majorities must govern. Our brethren in Ireland have been so long accustomed to be a petted minority that they seem to have grown unconsciously into the idea that minorities have some mysterious and sacred right to trample upon the deep religious convictions of majorities. But the Nonconformists of this country, who have never been spoiled by political favouritism, cannot understand that feeling at all. As loyal citizens we cannot go behind the decisions of the polling booth, but are

bound to maintain that, if the majority of the Irish people constitutionally demand local self-government, they are entitled to it, on precisely the same principle that we are entitled to it in this country. If the argument of our Irish brethren is valid for Ireland then a similar argument is valid for England, and we shall next have an appeal addressed by the Roman Catholics of England to the Roman Catholics of France, inviting them to invade this country, and to establish a sort of London Castle in London, in order to secure by the agency of a French constabulary that the Protestant majority shall not tyrannise over the Roman Catholic minority of England. We cannot invent a political system that is to be applied to the North of Ireland exclusively. The golden rule of the Gospel requires that we should treat all others as we would be treated ourselves. And common-sense suggests that it is impossible to carry out in Ireland a principle of government that would be scouted with ridicule and contempt everywhere else. At the same time, as I have already said, we are fully prepared to give our Irish brethren all possible legitimate guarantees that there shall be no abuse of the power of the majority. There has been so much strife in Ireland that for a time, at any rate, it is not unreasonable to require securities against hasty action on the part of the majority, although the Nonconformists of England believe that the Roman Catholics will not attempt to take any undue advantage of their majority. We believe that they will be much too politic to provoke an outburst of ill-will or suspicion on this island. They will have enough good sense to see that their true policy is to avoid all occasions of strife, and to conciliate the Protestant section of Ulster. Beyond that we have enough faith in them to believe that our common Christianity will prevent them from being guilty of the atrocities which our Protestant brethren dread. Nevertheless, as they themselves admit, under existing anomalous circumstances guarantees against abuses will be given.

Our Irish brethren specify three directions in which they believe that as Evangelical Protestants their interests might be injured by the establishment of Home Rule. In the first place they prophesy that an Irish Parliament "would claim and exercise the right to tax Protestants for the maintenance of educational institutions in the direct interests of Roman Catholicism." There is no doubt that this is possible. The more so because the same thing exists in England to-day. At this moment Roman Catholic educational institutions are enormously endowed out of the public purse in England. And Anglican institutions

are to a yet greater extent maintained in that way. We English Protestants are at this moment suffering in all the country districts precisely the gross injustice which our Irish brethren fear may afflict them. In ten thousand parishes out of the fifteen thousand parishes into which this country is divided the only elementary school is a private sectarian establishment belonging to the Established Church. In many of these sectarian schools the children are taught that Nonconformist ministers are impostors, and that it is a sin to enter a Nonconformist chapel. Unfortunately the Wesleyan Methodists of England did not listen to the wise and warning voice of the venerable William Arthur twenty years ago, or this gigantic evil might have been reduced to a minimum. It was even more unfortunate that the ancient Dissenters of England did listen to the voice of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and others, and were consequently betrayed into accepting a purely secular educational programme. The Clerical party took prompt advantage of the fact that the ancient Dissenters went too far, and that the Wesleyan Methodists did not go far enough. As a result, we are saddled to-day all through rural England with precisely the unjust sectarian system which our Irish brethren deprecate. But we do not, therefore, invoke the German army to invade England and protect us. We must bear the injustice with patience and bravery; and carry on a honest constitutional agitation until sectarian education ceases to be established and endowed by the State. It would be very difficult for the Imperial Parliament to refuse to Ireland the sectarian system which is in full swing in England. But let our Protestant brethren try to secure as one of the conditions of accepting Home Rule that the educational system of Ireland shall not become more sectarian than it is to-day. In that endeavour they would have the full support of the Nonconformists of Britain. But the matter is already settled. Since I began to write this reply, Lord Salisbury's Unionist Government has surrendered to Mr. Sexton, and established in Ireland the essential principle of that sectarian educational system against which Mr. Russell has pleaded so well but so unsuccessfully. The dreaded evil has come to pass. Ireland is now in the same educational condition as rural England. Home Rule cannot make it worse, but may make it much better. No Parliament sitting in Dublin would treat Mr. Russell as he has this very week been treated by his Unionist allies. The surrender to Mr. Sexton is a startling confirmation of what I have already said respecting the injustice shown to Ulster Protestants at

Westminster, when it is a question, not of flattering words, but of Government action.

The second evil which our brethren anticipate is that a Home Rule Parliament would "legalise the desecration of the Lord's Day." I confess I do not precisely understand what that means. I do not know in what way a Dublin Parliament could alter the habits either of Protestants or of Roman Catholics with respect to the observation of the Lord's Day. Even in this country, where there is a strong Protestant sentiment, there is a vast amount of Sabbath desecration. But we do not hope to prevent it by invoking the aid of foreign bayonets, but by appealing to the better sentiments of the citizens generally.

The third anticipated evil is that the Irish Parliament "would ultimately establish and endow the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland." Our brethren must be aware that Mr. Gladstone's Bill expressly prohibited the establishment or endowment of any religion in Ireland. And a similar clause will undoubtedly be inserted in the next Bill. It is futile to say that the Irish Parliament would ignore these prohibitions, because our Irish brethren would all be there to see that the conditions of Home Rule were carried out. Moreover, if any Irish Parliament was so foolish and suicidal as to step outside the limits expressly stated in its very constitution, that Parliament would cease *ipso facto* to have any authority whatever, just as the Queen of England would cease *ipso facto* to be Queen if she became a Roman Catholic. It is really outrageous to suppose for a moment that any Irish Parliament would be guilty of such folly. Without a fleet, without an army, and positively less numerous than the citizens of London alone, Ireland must always rest in the hollow of our hand, absolutely incapable of resisting the Imperial will. The sole reason why at this moment Ireland is such a disturbing force is because half the inhabitants of Great Britain are convinced in their conscience that the national demand of Ireland is legitimate. But if Home Rule were granted, any attempt to carry Irish ambition beyond the assigned limits would be unanimously resented by the people of England, Scotland, and Wales. And in the presence of that solid sentiment Irish rebellion would be impossible. We do not for a moment believe that the majority of the Irish people would be unfaithful to any compact into which they enter. But in order to remove the unnecessary fears of our Irish brethren we must point out that we have in the superior strength of Great Britain an irresistible guarantee that Home

Rule shall not proceed one inch beyond the limit which the conscientious convictions of the British Empire as a whole assigned to it. There are obvious reasons, both historical and geographical, why Ireland must remain within the Imperial unity of this Empire. But so long as that is secured, why should not Ireland manage her own internal affairs without interference from Englishmen and Scotchmen, who have proved a thousand times that they do not understand Ireland and that they are incapable of securing for Ireland that internal prosperity which by the help of God she may in due time, if all her children are faithful to her, secure for herself?

We are not greatly moved by the catalogue of "valuable benefits in recent years" which our Irish brethren enumerate. We do not dispute the desire of the English Parliament now to do justice to Ireland. But that desire manifests itself mainly in the reasonable wish that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas, so far as is consistent with the integrity of the Empire. Moreover, the Irish race, like all Celts, attach a great deal more importance to sentiment than to material prosperity. Nothing will satisfy a patriotic Irishman while he suffers from the fundamental injustice of being governed by a majority of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Suppose the case were reversed. Suppose that England was governed by a Parliament sitting in Dublin, where the English members were perpetually overruled by the Irish majority, and were as perpetually assured that this was for their good. How long should we stand that? We should not stand it for a week. And who are we that we should impose upon the Irish people what we should find unendurable here? There is at the bottom of every human heart a sacred, ineradicable sentiment of patriotism. In Ireland it has survived seven centuries of unparalleled wrongs. It is impossible to destroy it. It must be recognised, and respected, and enshrined in national institutions. Until that is done there never can be peace between Great Britain and Ireland. When it is done the era of brotherliness will begin, not only for these two islands, but for the English-speaking world. We have to conciliate not only the Irishmen in Ireland, but the majority of the Irish race whom we have driven across the seas. At this moment the Irishman is an irreconcilable rebel, a disintegrating element in the United States and in every British colony. Let us conciliate him by patient and Christ-like treatment, and we shall have cemented the British Empire into immovable unity, guaranteed the practical federation of the English-speaking world, and secured the best pledge for the

progress and happiness of the human race. That, at any rate, is the deep religious conviction of the overwhelming majority of the Nonconformists of England, Scotland, and Wales. It is a great mistake to suppose that this conviction is superficial, or that it depends upon the personal influence and leadership of Mr. Gladstone. It will not be affected by anything that may happen during the controversy which is now in progress. If the General Election, *per impossibile*, returns an enormous majority in favour of Mr. Balfour, and if Mr. Gladstone retires finally from public life, the convictions I have tried to express would still animate the Nonconformists of this country; and they would still continue, amid opposition and defeat, as their fathers did before them, to advocate what they believe to be the true principles of Evangelical Protestantism, and of civil and religious freedom. The late Lord Palmerston, who had no sympathy with Dissenters, but was an exceptionally shrewd observer of mankind, once said that "in the long run English politics will follow the conscience of the Dissenters." The conscience of the Dissenters, after weighing all arguments and objections for many years, is now immovably in favour of Home Rule for Ireland. And I cannot doubt that sooner or later in this case, as in all the other movements of our time, the prophecy of Lord Palmerston will be fulfilled. The only drawback to our happiness in this relation is the fact that our brethren in Ireland whom we esteem and love differ from us so greatly. For the present we must sadly agree to differ. But we do most sincerely assure them that nothing shall be wanting on our part to meet their convictions and anxieties to the utmost extent consistent with our own sacred convictions. We will never desert them. And if, contrary to our hopes and expectations, any of the evil consequences they anticipate should arise, they will find us strenuously and unanimously on their side.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

THE FIRST STEP.

IN olden times, when there was as yet no Christian teaching, all moralists from Socrates downwards held that the first virtue in life is abstemiousness, *ἐγκράτεια* or *σωφροσύνη*, and it was an understood thing that all virtue must begin with that and pass through it. It was likewise obvious to everyone that a man who lacked self-control, who had developed in himself an enormous number of lusts and had become enslaved by all of them, could not lead a good moral life. It was furthermore evident that before a man could acquire not only magnanimity or charity, but even disinterestedness and justice, he must first learn to govern himself. That was in the olden times. We have changed all that now, and these preliminary conditions are no longer needed in our system. We are profoundly convinced that a man who has given rein to his lusts and allowed them to develop to the extent to which they generally flourish in the world of to-day, a man who cannot live unless he can gratify a hundred useless habits which have completely gained the mastery over him, can at the same time be leading a perfectly good and moral life.

In our days and in our society the effort to curb our lusts is not regarded as the first thing nor even the last thing in the work of leading a virtuous life.

According to the prevailing contemporary theory of moral living the increase of one's appetites is looked upon as desirable, because a sign of development, a mark of civilisation, of culture, of perfection. The so-called educated classes hold that habits of comfort, *i.e.*, of voluptuousness, are not only not noxious, but are positively beneficial and indicative of a certain moral standard, and rank almost as a virtue.

The more appetites a man has, the more refined these appetites are, the better it is for the man.

The most striking confirmation of this view is to be found in descriptive poetry, and more especially in the novels of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

How are the heroes and heroines painted who there represent the ideals of virtue?

For the most part the men who are intended to embody sublime and noble creations, beginning with Childe Harold and ending with the heroes of Feuillet, Trollope, and Maupassant, are neither more nor less than debauched parasites, equally useless to themselves and others; while the heroines are, in one guise or another, the mistresses of the men, with whom they vie in idleness and voluptuousness.

Long ago I conceived the notion of writing a parable on the following theme: A woman who has been mortally offended by another woman steals the latter's child, and then, seeking out the local sorcerer, begs him to teach her how she may be most thoroughly and maliciously avenged on her enemy through the instrumentality of her only son. The sorcerer orders her to convey the child to a place which he names and describes, and promises her that in due time her revenge will be complete. This wicked woman thereupon proceeds to carry out his orders, without, however, ceasing to keep the child in view; and to her astonishment discovers that the child has been found and adopted by a rich childless man. She then returns to the sorcerer and proceeds to load him with reproaches; but he bids her possess her soul in patience. The child grows up in the lap of luxury and effeminacy. The woman is much perplexed by what she sees, but the sorcerer still counsels her to watch and wait. And at last a time comes when she is thoroughly satisfied; not merely satisfied, but she even feels a pang of pity for her victim. The boy who had been brought up in comfort and luxury is owing to his easy-going disposition, soon impoverished and ruined, whereupon an endless series of privations and physical sufferings ensues, including poverty and humiliations to which he is peculiarly sensitive and with which he is utterly powerless to cope. On the one hand, he has noble aspirations towards a righteous life; and on the other, he feels the impotence of the emasculated flesh, pampered and spoiled by luxury and indolence. The result is soon told: hopeless combat; continual falls ever lower and lower; drunkenness as a means of temporary forgetfulness; then crime, madness, or suicide in the end. In truth, the upbringing of some children in these days is a spectacle calculated to fill one's soul with horror. No one but the most fiendish enemies could be at such pains to engraft upon children those weaknesses and vices with which parents, more especially mothers, handicap their children. And our horror is intensified when we contemplate the results of this upbringing

and the process it produces in the souls of the best of these children who are thus sedulously ruined by their own parents.

These habits of effeminacy are engrafted at a time when the young creatures are absolutely unaware of their moral import. Abstemiousness and self-mastery are not only eradicated, but a system is pursued which is diametrically opposed to that followed in ancient Sparta and among the ancients generally—a system which produces atrophy of the qualities which lie at the root of these virtues. Not only is a man not inured to toil and accustomed to the conditions of productive labour, to the concentration of his attention upon one object, to continuous mental strain, to discipline, to a love for his work, to skill in mending what has been spoiled, to the habit of enduring fatigue, to feel a pleasure in work well done; but he is trained to idleness, taught to despise every product of labour, and wont to destroy, fling aside, and acquire again by purchase whatever he takes a fancy to, never once giving a thought to the question how things are produced. He is thus deprived of the capacity of cultivating the first virtue, without which the others cannot be acquired, and is then launched into a world in which people preach and seemingly prize the sublime virtues of equity, altruism, love. It is a mercy to be thankful for if the young man is endowed with a weak moral nature which is not sensitive, not capable of discerning between the simulacrum of a virtuous life and the reality, a nature which is satisfied with the evil that prevails in the world. In such cases things move somewhat more smoothly, and such men occasionally shuffle along with unawakened moral sentiments till they reach the grave. But things do not always take this turn, especially in modern times, when the consciousness of the immorality of our lives is in the very air we breathe and necessarily enters the heart. It often comes to pass—oftener nowadays than ever before—that the demands of genuine morality are thus presented to a man whose consciousness is awakened, whereupon agonising strife and terrible sufferings ensue, the upshot of which is rarely a victory of the moral sentiment. The man is conscious that his life is bad, and that it behoves him to change it radically, and he makes an attempt to do this; but no sooner has he taken the resolution than other people step in who, having been themselves worsted in the same combat, try to persuade him that he is engaged in a needless and hopeless task, that abstemiousness and self-denial are not necessary to a virtuous life, that one may be an excellent and useful man while gormandising every day, indulging one's taste for rich, luxurious dress, and

abandoning oneself to sloth and even unclean living. And the combat, as a rule, ends sadly. Either the man, exhausted by his inherent weakness, hearkens to the voice of the world stifling that of his conscience, and does violence to his reason in order to invent a justification for his conduct, and continues to lead the same immoral life, for which he flatters himself he can atone by putting faith in the outward forms of Christianity or devoting himself to the service of science or art; or else he continues the combat, is worsted, and loses his reason or blows out his brains. It seldom happens that such a man, surrounded as he is on all sides by attractive temptations, remembers and realises what all reasonable people accepted thousands of years ago as elementary truths, viz., that before a man can lead a good life he must first cease to lead a bad one, and that in order to cultivate the higher virtues it is indispensable he should first cultivate the virtue of abstemiousness or self-mastery, as it was named by the Pagans, or self-abnegation, as it is termed by Christians.

I have just finished reading the letters of our highly gifted and eminent countryman who flourished in the forties, Ogareff, which were addressed to another still more highly cultivated and richly endowed personage, Hertzen. In these letters Ogareff gives expression to his inmost thoughts, lays bare his noble aspirations, and, as is the wont of young men, evidently poses before his friend. He descants on self-perfection, expatiates upon the sacredness of friendship and love, and is eloquent on the subject of devoting oneself to the service of science, the service of man, &c., &c. And in these same letters he informs his correspondent, in a tranquil, matter-of-fact sort of way, that he frequently irritates the friend with whom he is living by such conduct as the following: "I return (home) in a state of intoxication, or else I lose myself for long hours at a stretch in debauchery." It is evident that this uncommonly good-hearted, gifted, and cultured man could not even conceive that there was anything in the least objectionable in the circumstance that he, a married man, daily expecting the *accouchement* of his wife (in his next letter he informs his friend that she has been confined), should come home drunk and squander away his time in immorality. It never occurred to him that before waging war against his proclivities, against his passion for drink and debauchery, it was useless to dream of friendship and love, or to talk of devoting himself to the service of anything or anybody. Far from attacking these vices, he evidently considered them very charming traits, which could never clog his aspirations towards perfection, and therefore he not only

never thought of hiding them from his friend, before whom he is anxious to appear in the most favourable light, but he actually took pains to display them.

This took place fifty years ago. The men I speak of were my own contemporaries. I was personally acquainted with Ogareff and Hertzen, and men of their stamp, as well as with others educated in the same traditions. In one and all of them there was a striking absence of consistency and consecutiveness in the conduct of life. They cherished ardent and sincere desire for good, and accorded at the same time the utmost licence to personal concupiscence, never for a moment suspecting that it could in any way interfere with their moral conduct or prevent them from accomplishing good and great things. They put unkneaded dough into unheated ovens and expected baked loaves to result. When, as old age drew near, they became alive to the fact that there were no baked loaves forthcoming, *i.e.*, that their lives were barren of good fruits, they fancied they discerned in this circumstance a peculiarly tragic fate.

The man who shapes his life in accordance with the way of the world cannot live morally unless he first frees himself from his evil surroundings; in other words, he cannot begin to do well until he has first ceased to do evil. He who fritters away his existence in indolence and luxury cannot lead a good life; all his efforts in this direction will prove vain until he alters his course and sets himself to perform that thing which is first in order. Now, according to pagan ideas, and still more according to Christian doctrine, there is but one standard by which to measure a good life, and that is the mathematical ratio of self-love to our love for others. The smaller our dose of self-love, the less our consequent cares for ourselves and the fewer our demands on the services of others for our own behoof, on the one hand; and the greater our love for others, the more earnest our care and anxiety for their welfare, and the more labour we consecrate to them, on the other, the better is our life.

It is in this sense that the wise men of all time and all genuine Christians of to-day understand a good life; and on this point the common people of the present day are at one with the philosophers of antiquity. The more a man gives to others and the less he requires for himself, the better he is; the less he confers upon others and the more he exacts for himself, the worse he is.

We are so accustomed to lie to ourselves and to accept the lies of

others (it is so very profitable for us to be blind to their lies, that so they in turn may be blind to ours) that we experience no movement of surprise, no feeling of doubt, when virtues are attributed to others, and sanctity itself is predicated of people who are leading thoroughly profligate lives. A person takes his nightly repose on a spring bed with double mattresses, and two clean, well-ironed sheets, on downy pillows covered with spotless cases; before the bed is spread a little carpet for him to put his feet on lest they should perchance touch the cold floor, although his slippers are also there by the bed; the windows are hung with blinds, lest the light should awaken him; and so he sleeps on until such time as he feels he can sleep no more. Then, again, measures are taken to keep him warm in winter and cool in summer, to shut out all noise that might break his slumbers, and to prevent flies and other insects from worrying him. While yet he sleeps, hot and cold water are ready for his ablutions, for a bath or shaving; tea or coffee is also being prepared, *i.e.*, stimulating drinks, of which he partakes the first thing after he has risen. His boots, shoes, goloshes—several pairs of them—are being brushed and polished till they shine like glass, and not a particle of dust is to be detected upon them; in like manner various articles of clothing are being brushed which he wore the day previous, articles of clothing which correspond not only to winter and summer, but likewise to spring, or autumn, to rainy, damp, or sultry weather; his linen is also ready—clean linen, washed, starched, and ironed, with buttons, sleeve-links, and button-holes, all of which have been duly inspected by persons specially appointed for the purpose. If a busy man, he rises early, which means at about seven o'clock, *i.e.*, two or three hours later than the persons who are getting all these things ready for him. Besides the clothing for the day time and coverings for night, there are special clothes and special shoes to be worn during the time of dressing, morning gowns, slippers, &c. Then he sets about washing and cleansing himself, and combing his hair, for which purposes he employs several kinds of soap, using a large quantity both of soap and water in the process. (Many English men and women take a special pride in the circumstance that they contrive to use up a large amount of soap and to pour a large quantity of water on themselves.) Then our individual dresses himself, brushes his hair before a mirror; takes all the articles he deems necessary, as, for example, spectacles or a pince-nez or eye-glasses; then he deposits a clean pocket handkerchief in his pocket, on which to blow his nose; a watch attached to a chain,

notwithstanding the fact that there are clocks to tell him the time in almost every room; he also provides himself with various sums of money, small coins (which he frequently keeps in a receptacle specially made for the purpose, in order to spare himself the trouble of looking for the coins he requires) and bank-notes; also cards on which his name is printed that he may be spared the trouble of pronouncing or writing it, and likewise a notebook and pencil. In the case of a woman the process of dressing is still more complicated: there are her stays to be thought of, her coiffure, her long hair, her ornaments, her stuffs, her ribbons, her bands, her hair-pins, pins, and brooches.

But the process at last concluded, the day begins with a meal: tea or coffee is consumed with a large amount of sugar, and fine bread is eaten—bread made of the best flour—with a considerable quantity of fresh butter, and sometimes bacon superadded. The men then generally smoke their cigarettes or cigars, and then read a fresh newspaper only just delivered. Then follows the walk from the house to their offices or places of business, or else they perform the journey in vehicles which exist expressly for the purpose of conveying them to and fro. Then comes lunch, which consists of slaughtered cattle, birds, fishes, &c.; then a dinner of similar dishes, and consisting in the most unpretentious cases of three courses, a sweet dish, and coffee; after this begin the amusements, viz., the amusement of cards and the amusement of music or the theatre; then reading or conversation, which takes place in soft, springy armchairs by the intensified or mellow light of candles, gas, or electricity; this is followed by tea and feeding again in the shape of supper, and our modern man or woman winds up the day with sleep in a comfortably made bed, provided with clean linen.

Such, in sum, is the life of the man who lives in an unpretentious way, and of whom, if he be of compliant disposition, and free from habits that irritate his neighbours, we say that he leads a good life.

But a good life is the life of him who does good to others; and how can he do good to others who lives in this manner? Add up all the evil which he inflicts upon others, often unwittingly, no doubt, and you will see how far he is from doing them good and what great feats he must accomplish before he can even atone for the wrong he has inflicted upon them. And a man enervated by this voluptuous life is incapable of performing any feats. He might sleep in a more healthy way, physically and morally, if he would only lie down on the floor, on his outspread mantle, like Marcus Aurelius. He might go earlier to bed and

rise up earlier, and dispense with all the labour bestowed upon blinds and jalousies and in lighting the rooms at night. He might sleep at night in the shirt he wore in the daytime, he might walk barefoot on the floor, he might wash himself with water at the pump ; in a word, he might live as they live who perform all this work for him, and their labours might therefore be spared them. In like manner the work expended on his clothing, on his exquisite food, and generally for his pleasures, might be dispensed with.

Now, how is it possible for such a man as I am speaking of to do good to others and lead a good life unless he first change his effeminate, luxurious ways? It is impossible for a moral man—I do not say a Christian, but one who professes merely ordinary humanitarianism, or even bare justice—it is impossible, I maintain, for such a man not to desire to change his life, and to abstain from the use of articles of luxury manufactured by his neighbours, often to the detriment of their health.

No man has ever led, or could lead, a moral life without sedulously cultivating abstemiousness. Upright living without this virtue is absolutely inconceivable, seeing that the foundation of a good life is abstemiousness.

The hierarchy of virtues may be aptly likened to a ladder, the lowest rung of which must be ascended before the summit can be reached, and the first virtue which a man must cultivate if he desires to acquire those which are of less easy attainment is that which the ancients termed *ἐγκράτεια* or *σωφροσύνη*, *i.e.*, wisdom or self-mastery.

Abstemiousness may be described as the setting free of a man from the thraldom of his own lusts, the subjugation of his passions to the sceptre of reason or *σωφροσύνη*. As a man's lusts, however, are many and various, he is obliged, in waging war against them, to direct his attack in the first place against those fundamental appetites which underlie the more complex, and he should by no means reverse the process and attack the more complex before having first subjugated those from which they spring. Among the complex propensities which constitute the after-growth or later development may be mentioned those of beautifying the body, of gambling, of amusing oneself, of indulging in idle, frivolous talk and vain curiosity ; and among the root propensities, which, being simple and fundamental, require to be subjugated in the very beginning, gluttony, sloth, and sexual love are prominent. In the struggle with our passions, as in all things else

it behoves us to begin, not at the end, but at the beginning, and to proceed onwards in a certain order, which is fixed as well by the nature of things as by the wise traditions of mankind.

A glutton is utterly powerless to do battle with his sloth; and he who is both gluttonous and slothful is powerless to check his fleshly lusts. Hence it is that, according to all theories and schools, the cultivation of abstemiousness invariably began with the struggle against gluttony—in other words, with fasting. Now in our world, in which people have so completely lost all sense of clean, righteous living as to hold abstemiousness to be superfluous, the gradual order in which this virtue must be acquired is lost, and many have entirely forgotten the practice of fasting, while others actually condemn it as a stupid superstition and consequently needless.

And yet in the face of this denial it is none the less true that, as the first condition of a moral life is abstemiousness, so the first condition of abstemiousness is fasting.

We may feel a longing to be good, and cherish ideas of goodness apart from fasting; but it is, all the same, just as impossible to be morally good without fasting as it is to walk without standing on one's feet.

Fasting, then, is the absolute condition of a good life, and gluttony is, and always has been, the first sure sign of the opposite, *i.e.*, an immoral life. And it is a melancholy fact that this sign characterises, in an eminent degree, the lives of the bulk of the men and women of our time.

Glance at the faces and the build of the people of our days and of our social sphere; many of these faces with their hanging chins and cheeks, these bloated limbs and corpulent abdomens, are marked with the indelible seal of a depraved life. Nor could it well be otherwise. Consider the course of our lives and the springs of action by which many of us are moved; ask yourself what it is that constitutes the predominant interest of the majority of those human beings. Strange as the naked truth may appear to us who have accustomed ourselves to disguise our real interests under the fair appearance of specious ones, it is an undeniable fact that the main aim and object of the lives of the great bulk of men and women is the satisfaction of their sense of taste, the glutting of their appetite.

If we begin our survey with the lowest and end it with the highest strata of society, it is my belief we shall find that gormandising is the main end and object for which people live. The working classes seem

to constitute an exception; but they are an exception only to the extent to which necessity hinders them from giving themselves up to this passion. But the moment a poor working man obtains the time and means to ape the others, he follows their lead, purchases the most toothsome and savoury viands, and eats and drinks as much as ever he can. And the more he is able to consume the happier he esteems himself—aye, and the stronger and healthier to boot. And he is confirmed in this view by people of the cultivated classes, who look upon food (like their doctors, who maintain that the most costly food—flesh meat—is likewise the most healthy) in exactly the same light. Members of the educated classes hold that health and happiness are to be found in savoury, nutritious, and easily-digested food. These views they strive to conceal, but they are none the less their real convictions.

Contemplate for a moment the lives of these people; give ear to their conversation. How sublime the themes that apparently engross their attention! Philosophy, science, art, poetry, the distribution of wealth, the well-being of the people, the upbringing of the young, are all there. And yet, in the greatest number of cases, this is nothing but a lie. They merely dabble in these matters in the intervals of their real occupations, between lunch and dinner, when their stomachs are full and they cannot yet begin to gorge them anew. But the one great absorbing interest in the lives of the great bulk of these men and women—especially after their first youth has departed—is feeding. If instead of only observing their outward appearance we could read their inmost thoughts, what desire should we find predominant in the souls of the majority? A desire for an appetite for lunch, for dinner. What is, and what has been, from their childhood upwards, their notion of the most terrible punishment that could befall them? To be condemned to fast on bread and water. Take another criterion. Who of all artisans receive the highest wages? The cooks. What is the main anxiety of the lady of the house? What line does the conversation between two housewives of the middle-class almost always take? These questions need only be put to be answered. And it must be admitted that if the conversation of people of the higher classes does not run in the same grooves, the reason is not because they are more enlightened and are engrossed by cares of a higher order, but simply because they have a housekeeper or a butler to look after these things and to guarantee them their dinners. But deprive them of these helps and then note what constitutes their one absorbing care. Everything reduces

itself to questions of eating and drinking, pastries, and sweetmeats, &c. People assemble in a place for a certain purpose, it matters not what it is : a christening, a funeral, a wedding, the consecration of a church, to see someone off, to welcome a new arrival, to celebrate a historical event, to commemorate the death or birth of an eminent scholar, philosopher, or moralist ; they are actuated by the highest conceivable motives, absorbed by the noblest cares. That at least is their own story. But in truth all that is a sham. They are all keenly conscious that there is food to be had, good toothsome food and drink, and this it is that has drawn them together. Several days before, for this same gathering, animals were felled and had their throats cut, hampers of eatables were procured from shops in which savoury viands are sold, male and female cooks with their helps, all attired in special costumes, with clean starched aprons and white caps, *chefs* who are in receipt of salaries of £50 and more a month, set to "work," the latter contenting themselves with giving orders. The cooks cut, minced, kneaded, washed, folded, and ornamented the viands, &c. The overseer of the banquet "worked" with equal solemnity and self-importance, contemplating, gauging, and measuring with a single comprehensive glance, for all the world like an artist. A gardener has also contributed his work, plucking and sorting the flowers. A whole army of people is toiling and moiling, the products of a thousand working days are swallowed up as in an abyss, and all this is done for what? In order to enable people to talk about a celebrated man of science, or a moralist, to commemorate a departed friend, to escort a young married couple who are about to enter into a new life.

Then, again, take a stroll through the streets of the city and note what are the wares which people buy and sell the most. They are dresses and eatables.

And in truth all this is so, and must be so. It is utterly impossible for a man to avoid thinking of eating, to succeed in keeping this passion in restraint, unless he is wont to eat solely to satisfy absolute necessity. Once a man finds a pleasure in eating, allows himself to be attracted to that pleasure, and finds it a worthy one (as do the vast majority of our contemporaries, not excluding the cultivated classes, who feign the contrary), there are no limits to its growth : it is boundless. The satisfaction of a need has limits ; the gratification of a pleasure has none. In order to still hunger it is necessary, but also sufficient, to eat bread, gruel, or rice ; but in order to increase one's pleasure one may go on adding sauces and condiments *ad infinitum*.

Bread is necessary and sufficient; and the proof of it is that there are millions of strong, healthy, wiry men who work hard with nothing else to support them. But people find it better to eat bread with something to season it. It is a good thing to dip one's bread in the water in which meat has been boiled. It is not a bad thing to go a step further and eat the meat which has been boiled in the water. It is still better to eat meat that has not been boiled but only slightly roasted; it is an improvement upon this to eat only certain parts of the meat, which have been slightly roasted with butter and are very underdone. To this vegetables and mustard give an exquisite relish. The whole might be advantageously washed down with wine, claret for choice. After having consumed all this, one's appetite is gone; the craving for food is no longer felt. Still, however, fish might be partaken of if properly flavoured and seasoned with sauce and washed down with hock. Now, in truth, it seems as if one could not possibly swallow another mouthful of anything greasy or savoury. But there is still room for a sweet dish, ice-creams in summer, stewed fruits, jams, &c., in winter. And here we have a complete meal, a modest, unpretentious dinner. The pleasure afforded by this dinner may be considerably, very considerably, increased. And people go on ever increasing it, and there is no end. There are appetisers, and *entremets*, and dessert, and combinations of various savoury viands, and flowers, decorations, and music during dinner.

And the most astounding detail of all is that the people who gorge themselves daily in this manner at dinners compared to which Belshazzar's feast (which called forth the miraculous warning) was a joke, are naïvely persuaded that it is all compatible with a good moral life.

Fasting is an absolutely indispensable condition of a good life; but in fasting, as in abstemiousness, the question naturally arises, With what are we to begin our fast? How are we to carry it out? How often may we eat, and what kind of food may we partake of? And as we cannot seriously undertake any enterprise without beginning at the beginning and proceeding gradually in the natural order forwards, in like manner we cannot fast without knowing how to begin and where to take the first step.

It may seem ludicrous to many people that any such question as that of method in fasting should give us a moment's concern.

I remember with what pride in his own originality an Evangelical Christian, who was strongly opposed to the asceticism of monkery, once

remarked to me: "My Christianity is not based upon fasting and privations, but on beefsteaks." Christianity and virtue hand in hand with beefsteaks! But so many wild, incongruous things have been inextricably mixed up in that particular sphere in which the first step towards a moral life must be taken (our views on food, for instance, to which we seldom pay any attention) that it is no easy matter to disentangle them, and we have a difficulty in realising the impudence and folly of proclaiming in our days the compatibility of Christianity or virtue with beefsteaks.

Long ago, when engaged in reading the *Ethics of Diet*, an admirable book, I conceived the desire of paying a visit to the slaughter-house in order to discern with my own eyes the true character of the thing which is so frequently introduced when vegetarianism is discussed. But I confess I always felt a certain scruple about going in, just as one always feels scruples about looking upon sufferings which are sure to be inflicted, and which one is powerless to prevent. And so I had constantly put it off. But one day while walking along the road I met a butcher who had gone home and was now returning to Toola. He had not yet become very deft at his work, and the part assigned to him in the business was played with a knife or dagger. I asked him whether he had not a feeling of pity for the animals he killed. And he gave me the stereotyped reply which everyone gives in the like case: "Pity? Why should I feel pity? It's got to be done." But when I told him that it need not be done, that flesh meat was not at all indispensable to the support of human life, he agreed with me, and then he also concurred in my view that he did feel pity. "But what is to be done?" he asked. "I must live. At first I was afraid to slaughter them. My father never killed a chicken in his life." The majority of Russians cannot kill. They are overwhelmed with pity, a state which they describe by saying that they are "afraid." He, too, had been "afraid"; but he conquered that in time. He informed me that the heaviest work they have to do is on Fridays, and that it lasts until evening.

I also lately entered into conversation with a soldier who had become a butcher, and he too was surprised to hear me speak of pity in connection with slaughtering. It was a thing that had to be done, he said, as indeed they all say. But he likewise ended by acquiescing in my view and admitting that he did feel pity for the brutes. "Especially," he added, "when it's a tame, meek animal. The poor little thing walks along so fearlessly, and trusts you so. It goes to the heart."

Another time we were wending our way in the direction opposite to Moscow on foot, when we were taken up by some draymen who had come from Serpookhoff, and were going to the forest to a merchant for timber. It was Maundy Thursday. I took my place in the dray along with the driver, a sturdy, rubicund, coarse-grained countryman. Just as we drove into a village on our way we noticed a fat rosy pig which was being dragged out of the yard of the corner-house to be slaughtered. The brute uttered yells of despair in a voice akin to that of a human being. Just as we were driving by they began to slaughter the animal. One of the men slit her neck with his knife, on which she squealed all the louder and more piercingly. Suddenly she tore herself away and escaped, bleeding at every step most profusely. Being near-sighted myself, I did not witness all this in detail; I only saw the body of the pig, rosy-coloured like the body of a human being, and heard her shrill cries of despair. But the drayman saw everything that was taking place and watched it intently, without once taking away his eyes. The men caught the pig at last, held her down and completed their work. As soon as her groans had ceased, the dray-driver heaved a profound sigh and exclaimed: "Is it possible that they won't have to answer for this some day?" So deeply rooted is the feeling of horror which every murder excites. But by the force of example, by playing upon men's greed, by repeating that God has sanctioned these things, and, more than everything else, by force of habit and custom, this deeply rooted feeling has been blunted and even wholly paralysed.

On the Friday before Whitsun Day I visited the slaughter-house at Toola. The butchers were in the very heat of their work as I entered. The entire yard, which was covered with dust, was occupied with cattle, and cattle filled all the space near the "kamoras," or slaughter-chambers. At the gates in the street stood a row of carts, to the shafts of which oxen, calves, and kine were tied up. Waggons drawn by prime horses, full of live calves that had been flung in anywhere and anyhow, their heads hanging down and dangling from side to side, drove up and unloaded. Heavily-laden waggons of the same type, with the feet of slaughtered oxen projecting here and there, their bodiless heads and bright red lungs and brown livers packed in anywhere, were driving away from the slaughter-house. By the fence stood the mounts of the cattle-drovers. The latter, attired in their long black coats and armed with whips and knouts, strolled about the yard, marking with tar all the cattle belonging to the same owner, or superintending the transport of oxen

and bulls from the yard to the pens from which they were to be led into the "kamoras." These people were all evidently engrossed by monetary matters and business calculations, and the question whether it was right or wrong to slaughter the brutes concerned them as little as the investigation of the chemical composition of the blood that covered the floor of the slaughter-chambers.

None of the butchers were to be seen in the yard. They were all within, hard at work. On this particular day about one hundred oxen were slaughtered. I entered a "kamora" and stood at the door. Here I halted, because there was no room for me inside, owing to the number of carcasses that were being removed, and also because blood was flowing below and blood was dripping from above, all the butchers there being bespattered all over with it, so that had I gone inside I too should have been stained with it. One carcass that was hanging was being taken down; another was being removed from the room; a third—a slaughtered ox—lay with its white feet uppermost, while the butcher, a burly fellow with strong fists, was tearing off the skin.

While I was standing here, surveying this scene, a large sleek ox was brought in through the door at the opposite side of the "kamora." Two men were dragging him in. They had scarcely got him well within the door when I observed one of the butchers brandishing a pole-axe above his neck and striking a blow. As if his four legs had been suddenly mown from under him, the ox fell heavily on his belly to the floor, turned over the next instant on his side, and began to move his legs and his back convulsively. Then a butcher threw himself on the forepart of the ox, on the side opposite to his legs, seized him by the horns and forced his head down to the ground, while another cut his throat; and from out of the gaping wound the black-red blood came spurting up in fountains, and was caught in a metal basin by a blood-bespattered boy. During all the time that these things were being done the ox never once ceased to turn and jerk his head as if striving to get upon his legs again, and kept convulsively tossing all his four feet in the air. Meanwhile the basin was rapidly filling; but the ox was still alive and continued to kick the air with its hind and fore feet, so that the butchers were careful to give them a wide berth. As soon as the metal basin was quite full the boy put it on his head and carried it off to the albumen works hard by, while another boy brought another basin, which began to fill in turn. But still the ox continued to heave its belly and to beat the air with its feet. As soon as the blood ceased to flow, the

butcher raised the ox's head and commenced to tear off its skin. And the ox never ceased to strike out with its feet. The head was soon skinned and became red chequered by the white stripes of veins, assuming any position which the butcher chose to give it. Very soon the skin was hanging down from both sides of the body. And all the time the ox never ceased to strike out with its legs. Then another butcher seized the animal by one of its legs, broke the leg and cut it off. And the belly and the remaining three legs continued to quiver convulsively. Then the other legs were cut off in like manner and thrown in among the heap in which the legs of all the cattle belonging to the same owner were piled up. Then they dragged the carcass aside, stretched it on a frame and hung it up. After this it gave no further signs of life.

In the same way I looked through the door, at the second, third, and fourth oxen. The same process was gone through with each and all of them, and in all cases I noticed the skinless head with the bitten tongue and the vibrating hinder part. There was occasionally a difference, which consisted in the circumstance that the butcher did not always succeed in striking the proper place with his axe, so that the animal did not fall helpless to the ground. It happened, too, that he missed his aim, whereupon the ox flung itself hither and thither, bellowed piteously, and, bathed in blood, tried to tear itself away. Then it was again dragged back to its place and struck a second time, when it fell, and was dealt with exactly like the others.

I then went round to the opposite door through which the animals were being led in. There the same sight met my eyes, only that I saw it more closely, and, consequently, more distinctly. But besides all that I had already seen, I observed something which I had not witnessed through the first door, *i.e.*, the way in which the oxen were compelled to pass through the door. Every time an ox was taken from the pen and dragged onwards by means of a cord fastened to its horns, the animal, scenting blood, held back. Two men could not drag it onwards by sheer force, and so one of the butchers always followed behind, caught hold of its tail, and twisted it like a rope, breaking the stump, so that the crackling of the gristle was audible ; and then the ox went forwards again.

Having slaughtered all the oxen of one cattle-owner, they proceeded to deal with those of another. The first animal belonging to the latter was not an ox but a bull : a thoroughbred muscular young animal of real beauty, black, with white spots and white feet. As they were

dragging him along, he bent his head down, stood still, and obstinately refused to move. But the butcher who followed behind seized his tail, just as the engine-driver catches the handle of the whistle, and gave it a twist. The gristle crackled and the bull rushed forwards, upsetting those who were holding the cord, and then again stood still, looking askant with his large black eyes, the whites of which were bloodshot. Then the tail was once more twisted; the same crackling sound was heard, the animal bounded forwards, and was instantly in the place of execution. The butcher immediately advanced, aimed, and struck a blow. But he missed his aim. The bull jumped up, tossed his head in the air, bellowed, and, bleeding copiously at every movement, tore himself from the butchers and retreated. There was a considerable stir among those who were standing at the doors. But the experienced butchers, full of the courage which comes of familiarity with danger, quickly caught the cord and held on, while others seized and twisted the tail, and the bull was soon in its place once more. Its head was then dragged beneath the beam, from which it never came forth alive. The butcher steadily aimed a blow at the spot where the hairs spread themselves out in the form of a star (which, in spite of the blood, he had no difficulty in finding), and struck home, and the noble animal, which but a moment before was full of exuberant life, fell down in a heap, convulsively moving its feet, while the butchers were bleeding it to death, and skinning and dressing its head. "See the accursed devil! He would not even fall down where we wanted him!" complained the butcher, as he set himself to cut the skin off the bull's head. Five minutes later the black head had become red and skinless, and the eyes that had shone with such brilliancy and colour were glassy and fixed.

After this I visited the section where the smaller animals are slaughtered. It was a long spacious "kamora" with an asphalte floor, on which were arranged several tables with backs, on which the sheep and calves are done to death. The work here had already come to an end; and there were only two butchers in the long chamber, which reeked with the odour of blood. One of them was inflating the foot of a slaughtered wether, and was stroking him on the bloated belly with his open hand; the other, a young fellow, who wore an apron besmeared with blood, was smoking a twisted cigarette. There was nothing else to be seen in the long dark chamber, the air of which was heavy with the odour of blood. Behind me came a man whom I took to be a

discharged soldier, bringing with him a young black wether, with white stripes on his neck, his four feet bound together, and put him on one of the tables, just as if he were putting a child to bed. The soldier, who was evidently an acquaintance of the butcher's, greeted the latter, and opened the conversation by asking when the master would let them go home. The youth who was smoking advanced with his knife, cleaned it on the edge of the table, and replied, "During the holidays." The living wether lay on the table as still and motionless as if it were already dead, the only signs of life being manifested in its short tail, which wagged to and fro, and in the heaving movement of its sides. Lightly and without effort the soldier held up its head; the youth, continuing the conversation, held the animal with his left hand, and with his right drew his knife across its throat. The wether was immediately convulsed all over, and its tail ceased to move to and fro. The youth, having waited until the blood began to flow, took up his cigarette, which had meanwhile gone out. The blood flowed freely, and the wether shook convulsively. The conversation continued without flagging.

And what shall we say of the hens and chickens which, day after day, in thousands of kitchens, leap about in a comically horrible manner with headless bodies and outspread wings, spilling their blood at every bound? Turning your eyes away from this spectacle, you will see a tender, gentle, exquisite lady gorging her stomach with the carcasses of these animals, full of faith in her own righteousness, and confidently putting forward two theses which contradict each other: First, that she is so delicate (she has her doctor's word for this) that she is unable to support a vegetable diet, and that her weak constitution demands animal food; and, second, that she is so extremely sensitive that not only can she not herself inflict suffering upon living creatures, but she cannot even bear to behold them suffering.

And yet this poor lady is weak only because she has been accustomed to nourish her body with food which was never meant to serve as human nourishment; and if she is not capable of inflicting pain upon animals, the reason is that she devours them.

Now it is idle to pretend that we are ignorant of all this. Not being ostriches, we cannot delude ourselves that whatever we shut our eyes to has no reality. This is still less credible when what we do not wish to see is precisely the thing that we do wish to eat. There would be some sort of relief in the plea, if only we could urge it, that what we are doing is indispensable. But we cannot allege even that. But if not absolutely

indispensable, perhaps it is necessary for some special reasons, or in some exceptional circumstances? Not even this pretext is left to us, for it is needful under no circumstances and at no time. It does, however, it must be admitted, conduce to the attainment of some ends, namely, the fostering of brutal instincts, the breeding of lusts. This is amply confirmed by the fact that good young people who are morally sound, especially women and girls, feel in a dim sort of way, without perceiving the causal nexus, that virtue is incompatible with beefsteaks; and the moment they conceive a desire to become moral forthwith abstain from animal food.

What is my contention? That in order to be moral people must give up eating meat? Not at all.

I only desire to establish the propositions that, in order to lead a moral life, it is necessary to observe a certain sequence in good actions; that if a man is serious in his aspiration to lead a good life, the practical manifestations of that desire will necessarily unfold themselves in a certain order, and that in this order abstemiousness (self-mastery) is the first virtue which he will have to cultivate. In the pursuit of the virtue of abstemiousness he must again observe a certain definite order, and the first step therein will be abstemiousness in food—fasting. In the practice of fasting the first thing from which he must abstain, if he really and truly aims at leading a good moral life, is animal food; and this for the intelligible reason that, not to speak of the passions it engenders and fosters, the consumption of animal food is plainly immoral, because it demands an act which does violence to our moral sentiments, viz., murder, and is encouraged and kept up only by men's greed of gold and their appetite for savoury food.

The reason why the first step in fasting and in right living is abstinence from animal food has been admirably formulated, not by one man only but by all mankind in the persons of its most accredited representatives during the course of human history.

But why, one may ask, if the illegality, *i.e.*, immorality, of consuming animal food has been recognised by mankind for such a long period, have people nevertheless persisted down to the present in ignoring this law? This question naturally suggests itself to those who are prone to be guided less by the light of their own reason than by public opinion. The answer to the question, however, is that all moral progress (and moral progress is the essence of all progress whatever) is a work of time, is accomplished slowly; but that the sign of genuine progress, as

distinguished from casual advance, is its uninterrupted continuousness and its ever-increasing rapidity.

The vegetarian movement ought to fill with gladness the souls of those who have at heart the realisation of God's kingdom upon earth, not because vegetarianism itself is such an important step towards the realisation of this kingdom (all real steps are equally important or unimportant), but because it serves as a criterion by which we know that the pursuit of moral perfection on the part of man is genuine and sincere, inasmuch as it has taken that form which it must necessarily assume, and has truly begun at the very beginning. It is impossible not to rejoice at this, just as it would be impossible for people not to feel glad who, after having vainly endeavoured to reach the top of the house by attempting to climb up the walls from various sides, at last meet at the bottom step of the staircase, and, crowding together there, feel that there is no way of reaching the top except by ascending that staircase and beginning with this first and lowest step.

LEO TOLSTOI.

EMERALD UTHWART.

MEANTIME, however, the University, with work in preparation thereto, fills up the thoughts, the hours, of these would-be soldiers, of James Stokes, and therefore of Emerald Uthwart, through the long summer-time, till the Green Court is fragrant with lime-blossom and speech-day comes, on which, after their flower-service and sermon from an old comrade, Emerald surprises masters and companions by the fine quality of a recitation; still more when "Scholar Stokes" and he are found bracketed together as "Victors" of the school, who will proceed together to Oxford. His speech in the Chapter-house was from that place in Homer, where the soul of the lad Elpenor, killed by accident, entreats Ulysses for due burial rites. "Fix my oar over my grave," he says, "the oar I rowed with when I lived, when I went with my companions." And in effect what surprised, charmed the hearers was the scruple with which those naturally graceful lips dealt with every word, every syllable, put upon them. He seemed to be thinking only of his author, except for just so much of self-consciousness as was involved in the fact that he seemed also to be speaking a little against his will, like a monk, it might be said, who sings in choir with a really fine voice, but at the bidding of his superior, and counting the notes all the while till his task be done, because his whole nature revolts from so much as the bare opportunity for personal display. It was his duty to speak on the occasion. They had always been great in speech-making, in theatricals, from before the days when the Puritans destroyed the Dean's "Great Hall" because "the King's Scholars had profaned it by acting plays there"; and that peculiar note or accent, as being conspicuously free from the egotism which vulgarises most of us, seemed to befit the person of Emerald, impressing weary listeners pleasantly as a novelty in that kind. Singular!—The words, because seemingly forced from him, had been worth hearing. The cheers, the "Kentish Fire," of their com-

panions might have broken down the crumbling black arches of the old cloister, or roused the dead under foot, as the "Victors" came out of the Chapter-house side by side: side by side also out of that delightful period of their life at school, to proceed in due course to the University.

They left it precipitately, after brief residence there, taking advantage of a sudden outbreak of war to join the army at once, regretted—James Stokes for his high academic promise, Uthwart for a quality, or group of qualities, not strictly to be defined. He seemed, in short, to harmonise by their combination in himself all the various qualities proper to a large and varied community of youths of nineteen or twenty, to which, when actually present there, he was felt from hour to hour to be indispensable. In fact school habits and standards had survived in a world not so different from that of school for those who are faithful to its type. When he looked back upon it a little later, college seemed to him, seemed indeed at the time, had he ventured to admit it, a strange prolongation of boyhood, in its provisional character, the narrow limitation of its duties and responsibility, the very divisions of one's day, the routine of play and work, its formal, perhaps pedantic rules. The veritable plunge from youth into manhood came when one passed finally through those old Gothic gates, from a somewhat dreamy or problematic preparation for it, into the world of peremptory facts. A college, like a school, is not made for one; and as Uthwart sat there, still but a scholar, still reading with care the books prescribed for him by others—Greek and Latin books—the contrast between his own position and that of the majority of his coevals already at the business of life impressed itself sometimes with an odd sense of unreality in the place around him. Yet the schoolboy's sensitive awe for the great things of the intellectual world had but matured itself, and was at its height here amid this larger competition, which left him more than ever to find in doing his best submissively the sole reward of so doing. He needs now in fact less repression than encouragement not to be a "passman," as he may if he likes, acquiescing in a lowly measure of culture which certainly will not manufacture Miltons, nor turn serge into silk, broom-blossom into verbenas, but only, perhaps not so faultily, leave Emerald Uthwart and the like of him essentially what they are. "He holds his book in a peculiar way," notes in manuscript one of his tutors: "holds on to it with both hands: clings as if from below, just as his tough little mind clings to the sense of the Greek words he can English so closely, precisely." Again, as at school, he had put his neck under the yoke;

though he has now also much reading quite at his own choice; by preference, when he can come by such, about the place where he finds himself, about the earlier youthful occupants, if it might be, of his own quaint rooms on the second floor just below the roof; of what he can see from his windows in the old black front eastwards, with its inestimable *patina* of ancient smoke and weather and natural decay (when you look close the very stone is a composite of minute dead bodies) relieving heads like his so effectively on summer mornings. On summer nights the scent of the hay, the wild-flowers, comes across the narrow fringe of town to right and left: seems to come from beyond the Oxford meadows, with sensitive, half-repellent thoughts from the gardens at home. He looks down upon the green square with the slim quaint black young figures that cross it on the way to chapel on yellow Sunday mornings, or upwards to the dome, the spire: can watch them closely in freakish moonlight, or flickering softly by an occasional bonfire in the quadrangle behind him. Yet how hard, how forbidding sometimes, under a late stormy sky, the scheme of black, white, and grey, to which the group of ancient buildings could attune itself. And what he reads most readily is of the military life that intruded itself so oddly, during the Civil War, into these half-monastic places, till the timid old academic world scarcely knew itself. He treasures, then, every incident which connects a soldier's coat with any still recognisable object, wall, or tree, or garden-walk; that walk, for instance, under Merton garden where young Colonel Windebank was shot for a traitor. His body lies in Saint Mary Magdalen's churchyard. Unassociated to such incident, the mere beauties of the place counted at the moment for less than in retrospect. It was almost retrospect even now, with an anticipation of regret, in rare moments of solitude perhaps, when the oars splashed far up the narrow streamlets through the fields on May evenings among the fritillaries—does the reader know them? that strange remnant just here of a richer extinct flora—dry flowers, though with a drop of dubious honey in each. Snakes' heads, the rude call them, for their shape, scale-marked too, and in colour like rusted blood, as if they grew from some forgotten battle-field, the bodies, the rotten armour,—yet delicate, beautiful, waving proudly. In truth the memory of Oxford made almost everything he saw after it seem vulgar. But he feels also nevertheless, characteristically, that such local pride (*fastus* he terms it) is proper only for those whose occupations are wholly congruous with it: for the gifted, the freemen who can enter into the genius, who possess the

liberty, of the place: that it has a reproach in it for the outsider, which comes home to him.

Here again then as he passes through the world, so delightfully to others, they tell him, as if weighing him, his very self, against his merely scholastic capacity and effects, that he would "do for the army"; which he is now wholly glad to hear, for from first to last, through all his successes there, the army had still been scholar Stokes's choice, and he had no difficulty, as the reader sees, in keeping Uthwart also faithful to first intentions. Their names were already entered for commissions; but the war breaking out afresh, information reaches them suddenly one morning that they may join their regiment forthwith. Bidding good-bye therefore, gladly, hastily, they set out with as little delay as possible for Flanders; and passing the old school by their nearest road thither, stay for an hour, find an excuse for coming into the hall in uniform, with which it must be confessed they seem thoroughly satisfied—Uthwart quite perversely at ease in the stiff make of his scarlet jacket with black facings—and so pass onward on their way to Dover, Dunkirk, they scarcely know whither finally, among the featureless villages, the long monotonous lines of the windmills, the poplars, blurred with cold fogs, but marking the roads through the snow which covers the endless plain, till they come in sight at last of the army in motion, like machines moving —how little it looked on that endless plain! pass on their rapid way to fame, to unpurchased promotion, as a matter of course to responsibility also, till, their fortune turning upon them, they miscarry in the latter fatally. They joined, in fact, a distinguished regiment in a gallant army, immediately after a victory in those Flemish regions: shared its encouragement as fully as if they had had a share in its perils; the high character of the young officers consolidating itself easily, pleasantly for them, till the hour of an act of thoughtless bravery, almost the sole irregular or undisciplined act of Uthwart's life, he still following his senior—criminal, however, to the military conscience, under the actual circumstances, and in an enemy's country. The faulty thing was done, certainly, with a scrupulous, a characteristic completeness on their part; and with their prize actually in hand, an old weather-beaten flag such as hung in the cathedral aisle at school, they bethought them for the first time of its price, with misgivings now in rapid growth, as they return to their posts as nearly as may be, for the division has been ordered forward in their brief absence, to find themselves under arrest, with that damning proof of heroism, of guilt, in their possession, relinquished

however, along with the swords they will never handle again—toys, idolised toys of our later youth, we weep at the thought of never to be handled again!—as they enter the prison to await summary trial next day on the charge of wantonly deserting their posts while in position of high trust in time of war.

The full details of what had happened could have been told only by one or other of themselves: by Uthwart best, in the somewhat matter-of-fact and prosaic journal he had managed to keep from the first, noting there the incidents of each successive day, as if in anticipation of its possible service by way of *pièce justificative*, should such become necessary, attesting hour by hour their single-hearted devotion to soldierly duty. Had a draughtsman equally truthful, or equally "realistic," as we say, accompanied them and made a like use of his pencil, he might have been mistaken at home for an artist aiming at "effect," by skilful "arrangements" to tickle people's interest in the spectacle of war—the sudden ruin of a village street, the heap of bleeding horses in the half-ploughed field, the gaping bridges, hand or face of the dead peeping from a hastily made grave at the roadside, smoke-stained rents in cottage-walls, ignoble ruin everywhere—ignoble but for its frank expression.

But you find in Uthwart's journal, side by side with those ugly patches, very precise and unadorned records of their common gallantry, the more effective indeed for their simplicity: and not of gallantry only, but of the long-sustained patience also, the essential monotony of military life, even on a campaign. Peril, good-luck, promotion, the grotesque hardships which leave them smart as ever, as if, so others observe, dust and mire wouldn't hold on them, so "spick and span" they were, more especially on days of any exceptional risk or effort, the great confidence reposed in them at last: all is noted, till, with a little quiet pride, he records a gun-shot wound which keeps him a month alone in hospital wearily; and, at last, its hasty but seemingly complete healing.

Following, leading, resting sometimes perforce, amid gun-shots, putrefying wounds, green corpses, they never lacked good spirits any more than the birds warbling perennially afresh, as they will, over such gangrened places, or the grass which so soon covers them. And at length fortune, their misfortune, perversely determined that heroism should take the form of patience under the walls of an unimportant frontier town, with old Vauban fortifications seemingly made only for appearance sake, like the work in the trenches—gardener's work! round

about the walls they are called upon to superintend day after day. It was like a calm at sea, delaying one's passage, one's purpose in being on board at all, a dead calm, yet with awful feeling of tension, intolerable at last for those who were still all athirst for action. How dumb and stupid the place seemed, in its useless defiance of conquerors, anxious, for reasons not apparent indeed, but in holding to which they were undoubtedly within their rights, not to blow it at once into the air—the steeple, the perky weathercock—to James Stokes in particular, always eloquent in action, longing for heroic effort, and ready to pay its price, maddened now by the palpable imposture in front of him morning after morning, as he demonstrates conclusively to Uthwart, seduced at last from the clearer sense of duty and discipline, not by the demonstrated ease, but rather by the apparent difficulty of what Stokes proposes to do. They might have been deterred by recent example. Colonel ——, who, as everyone knew, had actually gained a victory by disobeying orders, had not been suffered to remain in the army of which he was an ornament. It was easy in fact for both, though it seemed the heroic thing, to dash through the calm with delightful sense of active powers renewed; to pass into the beleaguered town with a handful of men, and no loss, after a manner the feasibility of which Stokes had explained acutely but in vain at headquarters. He proved it to Uthwart at all events, and a few others. Delightful heroism! delightful self-indulgence! It was delayed for a moment by orders to move forward at last, with hopes checked almost immediately after by a counter-mand, bringing them right round their stupid dumb enemy to the same wearisome position once again, to the trenches and the rest, but with their thirst for action only stimulated the more. How great the disappointment! encouraging a certain laxity of discipline that had prevailed about them of late. They take advantage, however, of a vague phrase in their instructions; determine in haste to proceed on their plan as carefully, as sparingly of the lives of others as may be; detach a small company, hazarding thereby an algebraically certain scheme at headquarters of victory or secure retreat, which embraced the entire country in its calculations; detach themselves; finally pass into the place, and out again with their prize, themselves secure. Themselves only could have told the details—the intensely pleasant, the glorious sense of movement renewed once more; of defiance, just for once, of a seemingly stupid control: their dismay at finding their company led forward by others, their own posts deserted, their handful of men—nowhere!

In an ordinary trial at law, the motives, every detail of so irregular an act might have been weighed, changing the colour of it. Their general character would have told in their favour, but actually told against them now: they had but won an exceptional trust to betray it. Martial courts exist not for consideration, but for vivid exemplary effect and prompt punishment. "There is a kind of tribunal incidental to service in the field," writes another diarist, who may tell in his own words what remains to be told. "This court," he says, "may consist of three staff-officers only, but has the power of sentencing to death. On the —st two young officers of the —th regiment, in whom, it appears, unusual confidence had been placed, were brought before this court on the charge of desertion and wantonly exposing their company to danger. They were found guilty, and that the proper penalty is death, to be inflicted next morning before the regiment marches. The delinquents were understood to have appealed to a general court-martial; desperately, at last, to 'the judgment of their country'; but were held to have no *locus standi* for any appeal whatever under the actual circumstances. As a civilian I cannot but doubt the justice, whatever may be thought of the expediency of such a summary process in regard to the capital penalty. The regiment to which the culprits belonged, with some others, was quartered for the night in the *faubourg* of Saint ——, recently under blockade by a portion of our forces. I was awoke at daybreak by the sound of marching. The morning was a particularly clear one, though, as the sun was not yet risen, it looked grey and sad along the empty street, up which a party of grey soldiers were passing with steady pace. I knew for what purpose.

"The whole of the force in garrison here had already marched to the place of execution, the immense courtyard of a monastery, surrounded irregularly by ancient buildings like those of some cathedral precincts I have seen in England. Here the soldiers then formed three sides of a great square, a grave having been dug on the fourth side. Shortly afterwards the funeral procession came up. First came the band of the —th, playing the Dead March; next the firing party, consisting of twelve non-commissioned officers; then the coffins, followed immediately by the unfortunate prisoners, accompanied by a chaplain. Slowly and sadly did the mournful procession approach, when it passed through three sides of the square, the troops having been previously faced inwards, and then halted opposite to the grave. The proceedings of the court-martial were then read; and the elder prisoner having been

blindfolded, was ordered to kneel down on his coffin, which had been placed close to the grave, the firing party taking up a position exactly opposite at a few yards' distance. The poor fellow's face was deadly pale, but he had marched his last march as steadily as ever I saw a man step, and bore himself throughout most bravely, though an oddly mixed expression passed over his countenance when he was directed to remove himself from the side of his companion, shaking his hand first. At this moment there was hardly a dry eye, and several young soldiers fainted, numberless as must be the scenes of horror which even they have witnessed during these last months. At length the chaplain, who had remained praying with the prisoner, quietly withdrew, and at a given signal, but without word of command, the muskets were levelled, a volley was fired, and the body of the unfortunate man sprang up, falling again on his back. One shot had purposely been reserved; and as the presiding officer thought he was not quite dead, a musket was placed close to his head and fired. All was now over; but the troops having been formed into columns, were marched close by the body as it lay on the ground, after which it was placed in one of the coffins and buried.

"I had almost forgotten his companion, the younger and more fortunate prisoner, though I could scarcely tell, as I looked at him, whether his fate was really preferable in leaving his own rough coffin unoccupied behind him there. Lieutenant (I think Edward) Uthwart, as being the younger of the two offenders, 'by the mercy of the court' had his sentence commuted to dismissal from the army with disgrace. A colour-sergeant then advanced with the former officer's sword, a remarkably fine one, which he thereupon snapped in sunder over the prisoner's head as he knelt. After this the prisoner's regimental coat was handed forward and put upon him, the epaulettes and buttons being then torn off and flung to a distance. This part of such sentences is almost invariably spared; but, I suppose through unavoidable haste, was on the present occasion somewhat rudely carried out. I shall never forget the expression of this man's countenance, though I have seen many sad things in the course of my profession. He had the sort of good looks which always rivet attention, and in most minds friendly interest; and now, amid all his pain and bewilderment, bore a look of humility and submission as he underwent those extraordinary details of his punishment, which touched me very oddly with a sort of desire (I cannot otherwise express it) to share his lot, to be actually in his place for a moment. Yet, alas!—no! say rather Thank Heaven! the nearest

approach to that look I have seen has been on the face of those whom I have known from circumstances to be almost incapable at the time of any feeling whatever. I would have offered him pecuniary aid, supposing he needed it, but it was impossible. I went on with the regiment, leaving the poor wretch to shift for himself: Heaven knows how, the state of the country being what it is. He might join the enemy!"

What money Uthwart had about him had, in fact, passed that morning into the hands of his guards. To tell what followed would be to accompany him on a roundabout and really aimless journey, the details of which he could never afterwards recall. See him lingering for morsels of food at some shattered farmstead, or assisted by others almost as wretched as himself, sometimes without his asking. In his worn military dress he seems a part of the ruin under which he creeps for a night's rest as darkness comes on. He actually came round again to the scene of his disgrace, of the execution: looked in vain for the precise spot where he had knelt: then, almost envying him who lay there, for the unmarked grave: passed over it perhaps unrecognised for some change in that terrible place, or rather in himself: wept then as never before in his life: dragged himself on once more, till suddenly the whole country seems to move under the rumour, the very thunder, of "the crowning victory," as he is made to understand. Falling in with the tide of its heroes returning to English shores, his vagrant footsteps are at last directed homewards. He finds himself one afternoon at the gate, turning out of the quiet Sussex road, through the fields for whose safety he had fought with so much of undeniable gallantry and approval.

On that July afternoon the gardens, the woods, mounted in flawless sweetness all round him as he stood, to meet the circle of a flawless sky. Not a cloud: not a motion on the grass! At the first he had intended to return home no more; and it had been a proof of his great dejection that he sent at last, as best he could, for money. They knew his fate already by report, and were touched naturally when that had followed on the record of his honours. Had it been possible they would have set forth at any risk to meet, to seek him: were waiting now for the weary one to come to the gate, ready with their oil and wine, to speak metaphorically, and from this time forth underwent his charm to the utmost—the charm of an exquisite character, felt in some way to be inseparable from his person, his characteristic movements, touched also

now with seemingly irreparable sorrow. For his part, savouring here the last sweets of the sensible world, it was as if he, the lover of roses, had never before been aware of them at all. The original softness of his temperament, against which the sense of greater things thrust upon him had successfully reacted, asserted itself again now as he lay at ease, the ease well merited by his deeds, his sorrows. That he was going to die moved those about him to humour this mood, to soften all things to his touch; and looking back he might have pronounced those four last years of doom the happiest of his life. The memory of the grave into which he had gazed so steadily on the execution morning, into which, as he feels, one half of himself had then descended, does not lessen his shrinking from the fate before him, yet fortifies him to face it manfully, gives a sort of fraternal familiarity to death: in a few weeks' time this battle too is fought out; it is as if the thing were ended. The delightful summer heat, the freshness it enhances—he contrasts such things no longer with the sort of place to which he is hastening. The possible duration of life for him was indeed uncertain, the future to some degree indefinite; but as regarded any fairly distant date, anything like a term of years, from the first there had been no doubt at all: he would be no longer here. Meantime it was like a delightful few days' additional holiday from school, with which, perforce, one must be content at last; or as though he had not been pardoned on that terrible morning, but only reprieved for two or three years. Yet how large a proportion they would have seemed in the whole sum of his years. He would have liked to lie finally in the garden among departed pets, dear dead dogs and horses: faintly proposes it one day; but after a while comprehends the churchyard, with its white spots in the distant flowery view, as filling harmoniously its own proper place there. The weary soul seemed to be settling deeper into the body and the earth it came of, into the condition of the flowers, the grass, proper creatures of the earth to which he is returning. The saintly vicar visits him considerately: is repelled with politeness: goes on his way, pondering inwardly what kind of place there might be, in any possible scheme of another world, for so absolutely unspiritual a subject. In fact, as the breath of the infinite world came about him, he clung all the faster to the beloved finite things still in contact with him: he had successfully hidden from his eyes all beside.

His reprieve, however, lasted long enough, after all, for a certain change of opinion of immense weight to him—a revision or reversal of

judgment. It came about in this way. When peace was arranged, with question of rewards, pensions, and the like, certain battles, or incidents therein, were fought over again, sometimes in the highest places of debate. On such an occasion a certain speaker cites the case of Lieutenant James Stokes and another, as being "*pessimi exempli*": whereupon a second speaker gets up, prepared with full detail, insists, brings that incidental matter to the front for an hour, tells his unfortunate friend's story so effectively, pathetically, that, as happens with our countrymen, they repent. The matter gets into the newspapers, and, coming thus into sympathetic public view, something like glory wins from Emerald Uthwart his last touch of animation. Just not too late he received the offer of a commission: kept the letter there open within sight. Aldy, who "never shed tears and was incapable of pain," in his great physical weakness, wept—shall we say for the second time in his life? A less excitement would have been more favourable to any chance there might be of the patient's surviving. In fact the old gun-shot wound, wrongly thought to be cured, which had caused the one illness of his life, is now drawing out what remains of it, as he feels with a kind of odd satisfaction and pride—his old glorious wound! And then, as of old, an absolute submissiveness comes over him, as he gazes round at the place, the relics of his uniform, the letter lying there. It was as if there was nothing more that could be said. Accounts thus settled, he stretched himself in the bed he had occupied as a boy, more completely at his ease than since the day when he had left home for the first time. Respited from death once, he was twice believed to be dead before the date actually registered on his tomb. "What will it matter a hundred years hence?" they used to ask by way of sorry comfort in boyish troubles at school, overwhelming at the moment. Was that in truth part of a certain revelation of the inmost truth of things to "babes," such as we have heard of? What did it matter—the gifts, the good-fortune, its terrible withdrawal, the long agony? Emerald Uthwart would have been all but a centenarian to-day.

Postscript, from the Diary of a Surgeon, August —th, 18—.

I was summoned by letter into the country to perform an operation on the dead body of a young man, formerly an officer in the army. The cause of death is held to have been some kind of distress of mind,

concurrent with the effects of an old gun-shot wound, the ball still remaining somewhere in the body. My instructions were to remove this, at the express desire, as I understood, of the deceased, rather than to ascertain the precise cause of death. This, however, became apparent in the course of my search for the ball, which had enveloped itself in the muscular substance in the region of the heart, and was removed with difficulty. I have known cases of this kind, where anxiety has caused incurable cardiac derangement (deceased seems to have been actually sentenced to death for some military offence when on service in Flanders), and such mental strain would, of course, have been aggravated by the presence of a foreign object in that place. On arriving at my destination, a small village in a remote part of Sussex, I proceeded through the little orderly churchyard, where, however, the monthly roses were blooming all their own way among the formal white marble monuments of the wealthier people of the neighbourhood. At one of these the masons were at work, picking and chipping in the otherwise absolute stillness of the summer afternoon. They were, in fact, opening the family burial place of the people who summoned me hither; and the workmen pointed out their abode, conspicuous on the slope beyond, towards which I bent my steps accordingly. I was conducted to a large upper room or attic, set freely open to sun and air, and found the body lying in a coffin, almost hidden under very rich-scented cut flowers, after a manner I have never seen in this country, except in the case of one or two Catholics laid out for burial. The mother of the deceased was present, and actually assisted my operations, amid such tokens of distress, though perfectly self-controlled, as I fervently hope I may never witness again. Deceased was in his twenty-seventh year, but looked many years younger: had, indeed, scarcely yet reached the full condition of manhood. The extreme purity of the outlines, both of the face and limbs, was such as is usually found only in quite early youth: the brow especially, under an abundance of fair hair, finely formed, not high, but arched and full, as is said to be the way with those who have the imaginative temper in excess. Sad to think that had he lived reason must have deserted that so worthy abode of it! I was struck by the great beauty of the organic developments, in the strictly anatomic sense; those of the throat and diaphragm in particular might have been modelled for a teacher of normal physiology, or a professor of design. The flesh was still almost as firm as that of a living person; as happens when, as in this case, death comes to all intents and purposes as

gradually as in old age. This expression of health and life, under my seemingly merciless doings, together with the mother's distress, touched me to a degree very unusual, I conceive, in persons of my years and profession. Though I believed myself to be acting by his express wish, I felt like a criminal. The ball, a small one, much corroded with blood, was at length removed ; and I was then directed to wrap it in a partly-printed letter, or other document, and place it in the breast-pocket of a faded and much-worn scarlet soldier's coat, put over the shirt which enveloped the body. The flowers were then hastily replaced, the hands and peak of the handsome nose remaining visible among them ; the wind ruffled the fair hair a little ; the lips were still red. I shall not forget it. The lid was then placed on the coffin and screwed down in my presence. There was no plate or other inscription upon it.

WALTER PATER.

STUDY IN CHARACTER.

LORD SALISBURY.

THE absolute unimportance of every individual to the world is a common belief amongst thoughtful persons in it. Exception may be made in the case of a few poets and one or two philosophers of a practical turn, but as to our rulers and governors, the doctrine so dear to Manchester in its braver days is still believed in. This doctrine is that individual gifts, personal will, count for little in times when intelligence and power are widely diffused. Nations are now governed (so the argument runs) by the common stock of will and wisdom; making use of this or that representative of itself, but neither used by nor dependent upon any individual, no matter what his apparent place in the world or his seeming authority.

It is a great mistake, and one that ought not to have survived observation of the career of two or three men of our own time: Cavour, Bismarck, and Mr. Gladstone, for example. The truth is that with all her apparatus of Parliament, public meeting, caucuses, newspapers, and reviews, even free and democratic England is almost as much in the hands of one or two men as with-liberty-half-endowed Germany is. Whether the Empire is uplifted or cast down may be decided by the bee in one man's bonnet, or the fluctuations of wisdom in the head and courage in the heart of another. So it has been hitherto, so it is now, and so, no doubt, it will ever be. Wherefore it is always interesting to look about us and see what sort of statesmanship we happen to be provided with.

At this moment the fortunes of the Empire are pretty much in the hands of two men, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury: and it is the last-named statesman who sits in the seat of actual power, where he has exercised an authority far in excess of what is generally supposed. Prime Ministers endowed with a masterful spirit have much more

command in affairs than the popular imagination attributes to them; and in Lord Salisbury's case this power has been greatly enhanced by the fact that he chose to become, or had to become—for there is no Conservative half so well qualified for the post—Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister. No doubt it is true that as his present term of power ran on (his first term, soon to be renewed or terminated) he took an ever-diminishing interest in the domestic affairs of the country, leaving them more and more to the handling of men who are not in the Cabinet and giving an all-but exclusive attention to the conduct of foreign affairs. The fact remains, however, that he holds a position of extraordinary personal authority; and that the combination of the two offices in his own hands leaves him quite unchecked in matters of the highest and most enduring importance. And since he is about to ask for a renewal of that authority, it should be all the more interesting to inquire what manner of man is he?

Put this question in any society, and it will be strange if you receive a confident reply. There are doubtless some who can speak from observation that should be sufficient, but they are comparatively few, and even of these it may be said that they do not venture on forming definite conclusions. There have been "mystery men" who yet impressed the world with a tolerably distinct and fairly accurate idea of themselves: the Third Napoleon, for example. Of others, like Mr. Disraeli, distinct but contrary conceptions have been formed. Lord Salisbury is not a "mystery man." Nobody would think of applying to him that romantic but yet derogatory designation; nevertheless, after years and years of public life (or rather of public business), there are few minds in which his image takes a firm outline. Yet more remarkable, perhaps, is the fact that, notwithstanding the high place he fills, there is little curiosity about him personally—little public curiosity. Of course, those whose business is politics, or who take a sustained interest in public affairs, must needs speculate from time to time upon the character of so great a personage. But while they do so to small advantage, the rest of the world seems to trouble itself with the subject not at all. It is a remarkable but not an inexplicable fact that with all his high qualities, with all his commanding abilities—including a large share of the winning gift of eloquence—Lord Salisbury has little interest for the people at large; which is explained by a lack of sympathy in his own character. That amiable quality, so useful to statesmanship, governed as England is, has been denied to him alto-

gether. But sympathy lives by sympathy; and it must be a matter of common remark that wherever a distinct want of it becomes manifest it is not only met with coldness, but is in danger of setting up an *antipathetic* sentiment. Would it be too much to say that this untoward consequence is sometimes observed in the "feeling" for Lord Salisbury? Perhaps so. But at least it cannot be doubted that a general indifference to the Prime Minister as a personality exists in the public mind. The mass of Englishmen under Lord Salisbury's Government are content to remain in ignorance of him. Himself destitute of sympathetic charm, he draws from them no part of the personal interest that was bestowed on Lord Palmerston, for example, not to speak of other men Lord Salisbury's intellectual inferiors.

This is a grave privation, though it is probably one that he is little inclined by nature to repine at. Useful as it would be to him, it is more than likely that Hatfield's lord and Burleigh's descendant would take small pride in the strength derived from uninformed popular sympathy. Not that we are entitled to say that because he has never tried to gain it he would rather do without it. Temperament is temperament; we all have some knowledge of ourselves; and it may be supposed that unless Lord Salisbury had been conscious of a certain inability to win the sentimental sorts of popular favour (which, however, are as well to be won by worthy as unworthy means), he would not have neglected a source of power which modern statesmanship can hardly do without. Yet it may be true at the same time that it is not a source of power that Lord Salisbury would take pleasure in. But then he is not exactly a modern statesman; which some may take for a reproach, though the wiser sort will be in no hurry to blame him on that account. They will reflect that it is possible to work the business of statesmanship without resorting to Dark Age methods, and yet to be absolutely indifferent to popular praise or blame. Anxiety or indifference in that matter may simply depend upon whether the statesman was originally gifted with the literary or the scientific mind. Now, because Lord Salisbury wrote for a time in the periodical Press, and because his speeches and despatches are cast into what may be described as professional literary form, the bent of his genius has been commonly misapprehended. Literature he has in no small measure; and there are few men in England who look the scholar—the grave, full, laborious student, dignified by study—more than he. He is a master of style, proud of his mastery, and so adept at certain forms of expression that he is seduced

at the most untimely seasons into showing how elegantly murderous a use the pen can be put to. This sometimes happens even when his lordship is inditing a despatch which is ultimately destined for publication, and therefore composed under special restraint. But official writings do not all come into Blue-books; and since Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bryce were absolutely shocked at the sarcasms that gleamed out in published despatches addressed to the Portuguese Government, it is difficult to imagine what they would think of similar exercises penned for private exhortation, correction, or rebuke. Some magnificent compositions of that kind exist. But, as we know by many examples, a punishing controversial style is one of the most prized gifts of modern science; and Lord Salisbury's bent is less literary than scientific. Now, indifference to popular approval or disapproval is natural to the scientific mind; and by this alone Lord Salisbury's "attitude" towards the public would be sufficiently explained. Unless it be discoverable in Mr. Balfour, no such attitude of light sarcastic indifference, of amused and humorous scorn, is exhibited anywhere else in modern statesmanship.

More might be said, however, to the same effect. If we had to describe Lord Salisbury's statesmanship at a stroke, to differentiate the style of it in a single word, "Italian" would probably yield the most accurate idea: Italian not of modern Italy. But, it may be asked, is not that pretty much what we have often heard before? What is "Italian" but Elizabethan Cecilian with a slight difference? Well, it is Cecilian Elizabethan with a slight difference; only, whenever we are making generic distinctions it is as well to go from the branch to the root. But the compound word will do; and though it has been taken up many times as a random missile and thrown at the Cecil of our day with a mere desire to hurt, it is the word that would be chosen first by impartial discrimination. Besides, the reproach of "Elizabethan," when hurled at Lord Salisbury, has usually been intended to carry with it the meaning of imitation, affectation—something of the second-hand. That is all wrong together. There is nothing imitative or second-hand about the Prime Minister; and supposing Lord Salisbury born with the Italian cast of mind—which is what we should say of him—he is pretty much explained as a public man by an excessive growth in that same mind of two kinds of pride: the pride of birth and the pride of intellect. Ambition answers for the rest.

He must be a very poor member of a great family who does not search within himself at one time or another for some transmitted

portion of the identical qualities that distinguished his more noble ancestors. No others will satisfy him half as well ; and should he find a sufficient trace of those he seeks, he will naturally do his best to nourish them, and add to the glory of his house by making known their persistence and continuity. A famous philosopher of this century persuaded himself that he was the latest incarnation of Buddha. How far he was justified by contemplation of his own interior (which was the greater part of his business) in making so prodigious an assumption can never be known ; but if Lord Salisbury arrived early at the belief that the precise faculties of the historic Cecils had reappeared in himself, nobody who knows him will wonder. And if he began life with that idea, of course he would be all the more in love with his endowments. At the same time, the pride of birth—which might have been great with good reason even if he had no more resembled his noblest ancestors than other gentlemen that might be named—would naturally become intensified ; and therewith, and on the same account, the pride of intellect. As it happens, these are Lord Salisbury's predominant characteristics ; and as might be inferred from the very origin of his pride of birth, it is the pride of intellect which is the most vivid and assertive. Now, take these two sentiments alone ; understand that they can hardly be stronger in any mind, to remain rational ; imagine how such a combination must affect character and conduct ; and everything in Lord Salisbury's public life is explained.

Only, we must assume a ground-work of what has been called the Italian mind : which is not much of an assumption either. On reasonably close inspection it is seen that the better qualities of that cast of intellect are always at work wherever the noble Marquis may be, for the public good. But occasionally some of its other qualities, in harmony with the rest but much less admirable, appear also ; and it is a mighty pity that the use of them is not perceived to be quite anachronistic. It was all very well in the sixteenth century. That sort of thing was even necessary in old days, perhaps ; but it comes to no good now. It would be absurd, of course, to suppose that the conduct of foreign affairs can be carried on in public like a cricket match. Concealments there must be ; sometimes there must be that kind of deceit which is called putting off the scent ; and the business of diplomacy is such that the necessity most often arises upon affairs of the highest importance. All that is understood. But it is possible to use these practices to excess, without need, and merely as part of the refinements of the game ; and when

that is done by a statesman in our time and country, the result is to place between nation and minister a distance which Lord Salisbury must have been very conscious of more than once. The like of it is often seen in domestic life: when wife and husband go on together in comfort enough, though each is never long unconscious of the void that opened between them when some self-revealing word was spoken. It is unnecessary to dwell on the occasions when the revealing word was uttered by Lord Salisbury, but to put them out of sight in a sketch of character would be as if a portrait painter drew a floating scarf over that part of the canvas where the mouth should be. Light in themselves, perhaps, these self-revelations are often significant of fundamentals; and what was signified in Lord Salisbury's case was a preference, evidently rooted in character and tradition, for carrying on a certain kind of public business in ways more ancient than lovely.

Another illustration of the same preference has been much less remarked upon, and, therefore, may be noticed here. It is to be found in the famous "large maps" speech. At the time when that speech was delivered, the country was agitated to what anybody may understand as a most inconvenient degree by the Russian encroachments towards India. In all likelihood, it was impossible for the Government to satisfy the public demand for active means of prevention; and so what Lord Salisbury did was to declare that the demand was based upon a ridiculously ignorant conception of the facts. The prevalent fears, he said, arose entirely from the irrational practice of studying small maps; which, to the eyes of those who were so absurdly content with them, reduced boundless wastes and enormous mountain ranges to the limit of a long day's walk. But statesmen studied large maps, and therefore understood that alarm at the Russian advance to India was merely ludicrous. Nothing could be more ingenious or more telling than that speech; and nothing more disingenuous and deluding. But it served its purpose to a miracle. There was a burst of laughter throughout the country, so glad were we to believe in the pathless hills and deserts vast revealed by the Foreign Office maps; and the Government was left quite undisturbed about the Russian advance till a few years after, when the fighting at Penjdeh declared that Lord Salisbury's large-map revelations were mythical, and that the Russian advance up to the Afghan frontier had been accomplished out of hand. As a first result of this discovery, it seemed for a time that war was almost inevitable. But it was avoided; and avoided, let us hasten to add, on the most honourable terms that

could have been hoped for under the circumstances, by the sagacity and firmness of Lord Salisbury himself.

According to the natural order of things, the strength and ambition of Lord Salisbury's intellect came out before its subtlety. They came out not long after he entered the House of Commons (he was Lord Robert Cecil and twenty-three at that time), where he soon gave proof of his very remarkable powers and of a certain aggressive courage in the use of them. This was the most noticeable thing about his quarrel with Mr. Disraeli. But that Lord Robert should stand up to his political chief when he did was less remarkable than it might have seemed at other times; for at that period there was a great deal of discontent with Mr. Disraeli amongst influential Conservatives—a discontent largely mixed with contempt. It was not surprising, therefore, that a young patrician, conscious of great parts and gifted with a full share of fighting eloquence, should dream of pushing Mr. Disraeli out of the leadership and taking his place. Yet that Lord Robert Cecil should hope to beat Mr. Disraeli on the floor of the House of Commons argued a confidence which, though not without merit, was hardly justified. He fought on good conscientious grounds, but in the end it was not Mr. Disraeli who received the most "punishment" in that encounter; which was marked on the side of his youthful opponent by precisely the same merits and defects that distinguish his controversial speeches to this day. The quarrel engendered much bitterness, and the memory of it was lasting. Fortunately, it is not the habit of public men in England to cherish the rancours that do arise from time to time in political conflict. The relations between these two men became very close afterwards, and, no doubt, beneficially; but if the truth must be told, much that we have heard since Lord Beaconsfield's death of the affectionate trust reposed in the younger statesman by the elder is mere invention.

When the Shah made his tour in Europe he was accompanied by a large number of Persian gentlemen, who were no doubt supposed to have been selected for their merits and as a mark of honour and confidence. Some of them were; but others were chosen because his Majesty thought it wouldn't be wise to leave them at home: wiser to carry them about with him and keep them under his eye. Should this story apply to the appearance of Lord Salisbury in Mr. Disraeli's 1874 Administration (which many wondered at), let it be remembered that the Disraelian motive, like the Shah's, may have been groundless. If so, however, good reason for mistrusting Lord Salisbury soon reappeared;

unless, indeed, there was an understanding between him and his chief, at the time when Lord Salisbury was sent to Constantinople, which the rest of the Cabinet was unaware of. This was in 1876. Lord Salisbury was despatched out of the Cabinet—he was Indian Secretary then—to see what British influence could do to avert a threatened attack on Turkey by the Russians. He had no sooner started than signs of an ambitious independency of action appeared in his conduct. Somewhat later, his carriage at Constantinople was such as to excite astonishment amongst his fellow countrymen at home, who could not reconcile it with the understood sympathies and policies of the Government. And their doubts were so far justified that Lord Salisbury's conduct was equally unintelligible to his own colleagues. Possibly it was only his methods of going about the business he had in hand that looked dubious; but however that may be, warm remonstrances were sent out to him from Downing Street, complaining that he seemed to be not only exceeding his instructions but departing from them. This little episode, the details of which have never been laid before the public, is recalled to illustrate Lord Salisbury's masterfulness in a position of advantage. That position he certainly enjoyed at Constantinople; for of course he knew that an envoy from the Cabinet is not to be controlled or recalled as easily as another man might be. At the same time he may have been right in what he did, and wiser than those whom he astonished and offended; but that is not a question for discussion in a paper like this, though to put it out of view would be unfair to the political character we are dealing with. Neither are we to forget that when some time afterwards other important Ministers departed from a Cabinet long and deeply troubled by differences of opinion, Lord Salisbury remained with Mr. Disraeli and worked in harmony with him to the end.

On Lord Derby's resignation in 1878 his noble kinsman (who publicly likened him on one occasion to Titus Oates) took the Foreign Secretaryship; and it is necessary to recall the fact that Lord Salisbury signalised his appearance in that *rôle* by publishing a declaration of policy that won boundless plaudits for its boldness and the defiant patriotism that spoke in every line. It had as great an effect on the country as the Small Maps speech—an immense effect; and almost immediately afterwards proof appeared that it was equally trustworthy. No doubt one good result flowed from the publication of this manifesto; it restarted the Government well after some weakening secessions. But the presumption must be that its writer knew that the lofty defiant spirit

of that despatch would not or could not be carried out ; for there was never a moment when the carrying of it out was attempted. It was not that, however, which chilled the relations of the country with Lord Salisbury. It is a sensible country, and never loses sight of the fact that the noblest aims and endeavours of its rulers are sometimes confronted by insuperable difficulties. The chill came with the (surreptitious) publication of a surrendering secret agreement with Russia, which must have been concluded immediately after the publication of the defiant manifesto above-mentioned ; and yet more chilling was the daringly deceptive way in which Lord Salisbury answered an inquiry about it in the House of Lords.

It was mainly on this account, perhaps, that there was no unanimity of choice when the Conservatives had to appoint a leader after Lord Beaconsfield's decease. But other considerations were at work ; not the least of which was that Lord Beaconsfield was understood to have made known a decided preference for Sir Stafford Northcote, which we believe was the fact. What contentions and heart-burnings there were before the leadership question was settled is known to many, and to dwell upon them would be neither pleasant nor profitable. The stronger man took the succession—perhaps both the wiser and the stronger, though that is doubtful. Lord Salisbury's management of affairs since then, and his own part in the more striking incidents of his Administration, are fresh in every memory ; and they are seen to agree with all reasonable anticipation from his previous "record." A strong intellect does not always imply strong character, but wherever weakness appears the symptoms may really arise from nothing more than suppleness and subtlety. This, perhaps, is why even those who are able to observe Lord Salisbury from a comparatively narrow distance find it so difficult to make up their minds about him. The way in which he yielded to the extravagant and humiliating dictation of Lord Randolph Churchill at one time may be explained either by radical weakness or the other thing. And when we think of Sir Stafford Northcote's deposition, the cruel hoisting of him (a comparatively poor country gentleman) into the House of Lords, the forced resignation of his Secretaryship, we must needs hope that the other thing does not account for it.

Whether calculation (*i.e.*, judicious calculation, sound inference) or whether mere weakness and weariness of home affairs explains Lord Salisbury's indifference to the sapping of his own party of late, is an open question. The probability is that he is too much absorbed in

foreign affairs to care for what happens in England; or rather that, to his view, the maintenance of a certain line of foreign policy is so profoundly important, the disturbance of it would be so fatal a misfortune for the whole Empire, that he willingly assents to any means of keeping out the dreaded disturber which his party-managers represent as hopeful. That, and not mere weakness before the "bluffing" of Liberal Unionist Radicals, may be the explanation, and probably is. But if so, we have another illustration of the Elizabethan Italianism of Lord Salisbury's mind. But for that, there seems to be no reason why he should not take his fellow-countrymen into his confidence, explain the present position of Great Britain in relation to other Powers, and say why he thinks the incoming of a Gladstone Government would probably be followed by untoward complications and threatening movements. In doing so he would give no information to foreign Governments, who of course know all that he could tell us on such points; while it is extremely likely that he would secure a support at home which he forfeits by silence and secrecy, and which may not be made up to him by the dubious ingenuities of his colleagues in the House of Commons. But then, to abandon silence and secrecy, to limit the field of ingenious alternative and things of that sort, would not accord with Lord Salisbury's idea of statesmanship, and it would destroy his enjoyment of the game. Palmerston's way is not his way.

However, it may be that Lord Salisbury will have something to say to the country about foreign affairs yet. It will be surprising, indeed, if he do not speak his mind on that subject before the elections, since the country is quite prepared to hear that certain European Powers look to the result of the approaching contest as determining their own course of action: which may be pleasant or otherwise. Meanwhile the general belief is that Lord Salisbury has conducted the business of the Foreign Office with singular ability; the proof of which is that, like other European nations, we are at peace. The cession of Heligoland remains a puzzle for Britons, and there again the question arises whether weakness under pressure or supple subtlety accounted for a very remarkable transaction. The truth seems to be, however, that what Lord Randolph Churchill was to Lord Salisbury at home, the German Emperor has been to him abroad; and though the prestige of both has dwindled it is not certain that both have lost the power to "bounce." For the rest, all that was troublesome in our dealings with Germany in Africa has lost importance,—mainly through the superior wisdom of our traders;

and an impartial review of the quarrel with Portugal inspires belief that Lord Salisbury is capable of conducting a difficult quarrel (as that was, much more than it appeared to the public) with skill and courage.

The laborious statesman is not always the most successful, but industry is a merit, and commonly a safeguard. Lord Salisbury is a hard-working man, who measures work not by the hours of labour but by the outcome thereof. He has been Secretary for India twice—on one occasion in no humdrum times, for of course the whole future of India had to be considered and reconsidered when the Russo-Turkish War was impending, and while it went on;—and the report of those who know is that he served the department with a wise and laborious care. No class of men in England produces a larger proportion of first-rate men of business than her greater nobles. Lord Salisbury's aptitude for business has been strikingly illustrated in the management of railway affairs, and Lord Derby himself is hardly more competent to become his own steward. At the present moment he is steward for something more than an estate in houses and land; and we should be more than satisfied with him as Foreign Minister if we could be sure that he is never guilty in diplomatic intercourse of the astounding errors he commits in public speech, if we could convince ourselves that his flexibility is not weakness, and if he did not think it his part as a great statesman and a Cecil to move in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. Simple strength and a candid carriage, that is what we love in England. Suppleness, subtleties, wheels within wheels, workings behind the veil—these are not liked so much, even though the result is not inferior to that which open, bold, straightforward common-sense achieves.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE ALCOHOL QUESTION.

IN modern scientific treatises, articles taken as food are divided into two classes—food-stuffs and food-accessories. The first includes those animal, vegetable, and mineral products which are familiar to everyone and are found necessary to life; the second, those beverages and condiments which have come to be regarded as essential to comfort. Controversy concerning the first class can scarcely be said to exist; the advocates of vegetarianism sometimes make themselves heard, but neither their precepts nor their examples are sufficient to overcome the force of habit and the dictates of common-sense. The case, however, is far different with regard to one of the articles contained in the class of food-accessories. Certainly no subject of its kind has attracted more attention or given rise to more controversy.

The interest attaching to the use of alcoholic drinks is in great measure due to the terrible accumulation of evils, moral and physical, with which their abuse is associated. What mankind might have been in the absence of alcohol it is useless to speculate; the manifold changes which human beings undergo as a result of immoderate use are too easily discernible to require description. Too many of us can recall instances in which the ruin caused by alcohol entitles it to be called "the devil in solution."

There can be no difference of opinion as to the mental and physical degradation due to this agent, and to it alone; but, on the other hand, we are confronted with the very remarkable fact that the use of alcohol dates from very early times, and that it is well-nigh universal among civilised nations. It would appear, indeed, that the amount of alcohol consumed is proportionate to the degree of civilisation, and that, as regards capacity for work, the advantage is clearly with those races which use alcoholic drinks.

The widespread use of alcoholic drinks is due to the fact that their

production is effected in the easiest possible manner, and that the requisite materials are to be found in most parts of the world. Given a solution of sugar, a ferment, and a due degree of heat, and alcohol is more or less rapidly formed. The sugar is broken up into carbon dioxide, most of which escapes in the form of gas, and alcohol, which remains in solution. The manufacture of alcoholic fluids is usually associated in our ideas with complicated apparatus, "plant," and large establishments; but these are requisite mainly because the products have to be supplied on a large scale, and in the form of palatable beverages. In the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and in many parts of Africa, an intoxicating drink is readily obtained by making incisions into a palm-tree, catching the juice in a suitable vessel, and allowing it to stand for a few hours.

Many questions are connected with the use of alcoholic drinks, and some of them justly excite the deepest interest, and for the following reasons: (1) the enormous consumption of such drinks in the United Kingdom and in other European countries; (2) the amount invested in their production and distribution; (3) their value, or otherwise, when taken in moderation; (4) the manifold evils, in the shape of poverty, crime, and disease, caused by excess. A consideration of the best means of inducing temperance or abstinence is invested with peculiar interest.

The effects of alcohol, in small, moderate, and large doses, have been minutely studied by a host of competent observers; and yet much difference of opinion exists as to the terms in which its general action may be accurately described. It is usually regarded as a stimulant; indeed, as the stimulant *par excellence*. On the other hand, in the opinion of some well-recognised authorities, the notion conveyed by the word "sedative" would best express the action of alcohol. In order to ascertain what ground there is for this latter view, it is necessary to refer to the effects of alcohol; they are conveniently divided into three stages, known respectively as excitement, intoxication, and coma or insensibility.

1. A small or moderate dose of alcohol (say two tablespoonfuls of brandy), properly diluted, produces in an ordinary individual more or less distinct evidences of excitement. The heart beats more frequently and with more force, the superficial vessels are dilated, and hence the skin of the face and hands appears flushed, the eyes are animated and perhaps somewhat reddened, the intellectual faculties are excited, the individual is more disposed to joy and pleasure, cares disappear, and

ideas flow with greater rapidity and ease. Under the influence of a somewhat larger dose, many persons exhibit a strong disposition to talk, very few are noticed to become taciturn ; indiscretions of various kinds are apt to be committed. It has been often asserted that the true nature of the individual is brought out by alcohol ; this question will be subsequently referred to. In any case, it is obvious that alcohol has a specific action upon the nervous system, the different parts of which it affects in a more or less definite order. It acts upon the nervous structures in a twofold manner : first, by coming into contact with them, and, secondly, by increasing and accelerating the circulation through them. Dr. Brunton thinks that the nervous tissues are affected in the inverse order of their development, the highest centres being affected first and the lowest last. Thus the power of judgment usually goes first, while the imagination may be lively and the emotions more than usually active, so that after a man becomes incapable of discussion he is combative, affectionate, or lachrymose. The motor centres may be next affected, either after or before the perceptive centres, so that the speech may be uncertain and thick while the power of judgment is little affected, or the speech may remain tolerably distinct after the power of clear conception is entirely gone. This condition, however, belongs rather to the second stage.

2. This is characterised by disorder of the intellectual functions and of the will, manifested by delirium and loss of power over voluntary muscles. To quote again from Dr. Brunton, the cerebellum appears to be affected sometimes before and sometimes after the cerebrum. This depends partly upon the constitution of the individual, and partly upon the quality of the alcoholic liquor. The affection of the cerebellum gives rise to double vision and inability to walk, from the relations of surrounding objects being no longer correctly perceived. After both cerebrum and cerebellum are paralysed, the spinal cord may still retain its functional activity, so that the man who cannot walk may be able to ride, owing to the reflex contraction of certain large muscles of the thigh produced by the impression of the saddle. This second degree is often accompanied by nausea and vomiting, a sense of exhaustion and an irresistible desire for sleep which may continue for some hours. When the person awakes, he is conscious of headache, thirst, malaise, loathing of food, and other disagreeable feelings. The varieties of the phenomena observed depend in the main upon the temperament of the individuals. A classification of drunkards can indeed be founded upon these peculiarities. Thus the

surly, the melancholic, the nervous, the choleric, and the phlegmatic drunkard may be easily distinguished.

3. Coma or insensibility. This state, in which there is profound unconsciousness, is most often observed when large quantities of spirit have been swallowed in a short time. In many of its features, it resembles apoplexy, and mistakes are not infrequently made. Recovery is, of course, the rule; but death may ensue from paralysis of the heart or of the muscles of respiration.

The effects of the prolonged use of excessive quantities of alcohol, though differing in form in different individuals, are for the most part easily recognised. Digestion suffers; the appetites of drunkards are seldom normal; sickness and distaste for food are very common symptoms. The liver is very prone to become affected; the condition known as gin-drinker's liver has been recognised and studied from a very early period. It may doubtless be caused by other kinds of spirit; but the dram-drinker usually selects gin because of its low price, and hence the disease of the liver is called after the name of the particular spirit which generally occasions it. If alcohol be never taken in the neat state, but always freely diluted with water, there is far less chance of its causing this form of disease.

It is, however, in the nervous system that the effects of the chronic abuse of alcohol are most clearly marked. The tremulous hand, the quivering lips and tongue, and the unsteady walk are among the earliest signs. The will becomes weakened and the moral sense blunted; we meet with drunkards who are so completely the slaves of their tyrannical appetite for drink that they are ready to gratify it at any sacrifice. The explosions known as *delirium tremens*, which constitute a connecting link between intoxication and insanity, are due to poisoning of the blood and perverted nutrition of the brain. They are a measure of the degree in which the nervous system is implicated. But there are other results, less familiarly known perhaps, but of graver significance, and due to the implication of many of the large nervous trunks. These latter become inflamed, hardened, thickened, and painful, and there is loss of power in the limbs. This condition is more often seen in women than in men, and the lower extremities most frequently suffer. Complete paralysis is sometimes thus produced.

This sketch of the physiological action of alcohol would seem to prove that the effects of small doses are clearly of a stimulating character, but that these sooner or later pass off and are succeeded by

others of an opposite kind. After large doses, the stage of excitement is very short, while the phenomena indicative of depression are apt to be very marked. The expression "dead-drunk" is not a whit too strong to describe the condition which alcohol is capable of producing. The total loss of motor power and the almost complete abolition of sensation closely resemble death. It is a well-known fact that drunken men often receive serious injuries without any consciousness of pain. But these sedative or anæsthetic effects of alcohol are made apparent in a very different manner, and are capable of being produced even by moderate doses. Dr. Wilks, indeed, asserts that it is really for the purpose of producing *sedative* effects that this so-called *stimulant* is eagerly swallowed by the multitude. He points to the fact that persons under the influence of grief not infrequently turn for comfort to alcoholic liquors, with the object of drowning their troubles in the bowl. It would be absurd for them to have taken a stimulant to excite greater manifestations of grief, or to make them feel their troubles more acutely. It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, and to show that sedative effects are often sought for; but on the other hand, alcoholic drinks are taken under precisely opposite conditions, and obviously for the purpose of stimulating feelings which are beginning to be experienced. Dr. Wilks' explanation will hardly account for the use of alcohol on these occasions. He maintains that its quieting effects constitute its great value at the dinner table. "Both Matthew Arnold and Wendell Holmes upheld its advantages in this respect. Without it the guests would be quarrelling or keenly discussing political or religious subjects—with apologies to teetotallers—but wine comes in, rubs off the acerbities, and brings all down to the same level of good humour." It is surely more reasonable to suppose that wine in small quantities makes men more companionable by quickening the flow of ideas and by increasing temporarily the power of expression. Moreover, it creates a feeling of warmth and comfort, and excites the appetite.

In most discussions upon alcohol, and almost invariably among teetotallers, spirits, wines, and beer are placed in one and the same category, as if all were equally mischievous. Common experience, however, shows that these liquors differ remarkably in their effects. If we compare wine with spirits, we find that the former possesses certain tonic properties not attributable to the latter. Again, the stimulating effect of wine is more slowly produced and lasts longer than that of spirits. But perhaps the most important distinction consists in the fact

that the intoxicating influence of wine is less than that of a mixture, say of brandy and water, containing the same quantity of alcohol, and is not proportionate in different wines to the amount of alcohol they contain. Analysis shows that eight parts of brandy, by measure, contain about the same quantity of alcohol as eighteen and a half parts of port wine. If the intoxicating power of various liquors were proportionate to the spirit contained in them, a pint of port wine would be almost equal to half a pint of brandy. We know, however, that such is not the case. Again, champagne contains less alcohol than claret, but is far more intoxicating. It would seem probable that the action of the alcohol is modified by that of the other constituents of the wine. As to the manner in which this effect is produced, it is impossible to speak with certainty. It may be that the other constituents are in chemical combination with the spirit, for it is generally admitted that a brandied wine, that is, a wine to which spirit has been *added*, is more intoxicating than a *natural wine* of the same alcoholic strength.

It is, of course, true that some of the most prominent effects of intoxicating liquors are directly due to the quantity of alcohol contained in each, though other ingredients must not be disregarded. Spirits contain about 50 per cent. of alcohol; wines vary greatly in this respect, the proportion in sherry and port sometimes rising as high as 25 per cent., while it may fall as low as 7 in Bordeaux and Rhine wines. Ordinary beer contains about 5 per cent., but in strong ales this proportion may be doubled. Besides alcohol, brandy contains minute quantities of various ethers. These are more numerous and abundant in wine, and give rise to the odours, in addition to modifying the effects of the alcohol. Beer contains, besides alcohol, a considerable quantity of sugar, with free acid and salts.

The differences between the effects of these three classes of liquors are often clearly demonstrated in the cases of persons who take habitually immoderate quantities, but confine themselves for the most part to one form of liquor. Hogarth, in his well-known pictures, *Beer Alley* and *Gin Lane*, has faithfully represented the differences between topers devoted to malt liquor and dram-drinkers. He has depicted the former as rubicund, corpulent, and bloated; the latter, as pale, thin, or emaciated. Wine-bibbers are for the most part full-blooded and corpulent. The majority of drunkards, however, do not confine themselves to one class of liquors; though the practised dram-drinker usually despises all fluids less potent than spirits.

Much controversy has taken place on the important question as to whether alcohol undergoes any changes after being taken into the body, or whether it is eliminated unchanged. It is certainly absorbed by the mucous membrane of the stomach, and passes into the blood, by which it is conveyed to all parts of the body. At least a portion very soon begins to leave the tissues, for it can be detected in the breath shortly after it is taken, and smaller quantities escape by the skin and other organs. In cases of fatal intoxication, the odour of the alcoholic liquor can be detected in the fluid contained in the ventricles of the brain, and some authorities have supposed that a peculiar affinity exists between the brain-substance and alcohol. More recent investigations have shown that this fluid does not accumulate in any special manner in the nervous tissue. It has also been pretty clearly proved that alcohol, taken internally, is not entirely eliminated as such, but that some of it is decomposed in the system. As to the proportion thus changed, no exact statement can be made ; but, admitting the fact, we cannot deny that alcohol is a *food* in the strict sense of the word. This inference is supported by those cases in which only minute quantities of ordinary aliment are taken during several months, or even years, but wines and spirits are freely administered, the patient meanwhile showing no loss of weight. Dram-drinkers, likewise, are often very small eaters ; in both classes of cases the alcohol, besides acting as a food, doubtless checks waste and retards normal changes. It is sometimes found that persons losing weight on an insufficient diet not only regain the normal standard after a little alcohol has been added, but even go beyond it.

The effects of alcohol are often compared with those of opium, when taken to produce pleasurable excitement, sensations of comfort, or dreamy repose. In a general way, opium causes less change in the actions of the person indulging in it than is ordinarily observed after the use of alcohol. Its tendency is to act upon the moral feelings and sentiments, and to soften down excesses of all kinds, while the effect of alcohol is more commonly displayed in excitement of the lower propensities. De Quincey's own observations enabled him to estimate these differences with great accuracy and clearness. After asserting that no amount of opium could produce intoxication (though the spirit used to make the tincture might have that effect), he goes on to show that opium differs from alcohol not merely in the quantity of its effects, but in the quality. Wine disorders the mental faculties ; opium intro-

duces among them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine exalts the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds of the drinker; opium communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive. It is most absurdly said of any man that he is disguised in liquor; for, on the contrary, most men are disguised by sobriety, and it is only when they are drinking that men display themselves in their true complexity of character, which is surely not disguising themselves. In short, the man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human, too often the brutal part of his nature; but the opium-eater (if not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels, according to De Quincey, that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity.

In everyday life, the practical questions with regard to alcohol are mainly two, viz.: Is its regular use in small quantities a universal necessity? and are such small quantities mischievous, salutary, or practically without effect? It is around these questions that controversy is always raging, and occasionally assuming volcanic activity. Only last autumn the columns of the leading journal were occupied for some weeks with letters on this subject. The impartial reader, after carefully perusing the various statements and opinions, many of them supported by facts of personal history, might say with Faust, *und bin so klug als wie zuvor*, or with Sir Roger de Coverley, that much might be said on both sides of the question.

Admitting, as we must, that alcohol is to some extent a food, we know that it is not taken for purposes of nutrition by the great mass of those who use it in moderate quantities. Persons who are honest and intelligent say that they take it because they like it; because it makes them feel more comfortable; because they enjoy their food better than when plain water is taken; because it helps them to sleep, &c. Now all these are perfectly valid reasons, and as such ought to be respected. They are not to be thrust aside by the assertion that such an auxiliary is a dangerous one, and that its good effects are much overrated, and, if not, are more than counterbalanced by others of an opposite character. Experience is unshaken by such assertions, and is strongly reinforced by the fact that alcohol, in some form or other, is in common use among civilised nations. It may well be asked, Is such experience to go for nothing?

It may be granted without demur that to the healthy individual alcohol is by no means a necessary article of diet. The same statement holds good of tea and coffee. Pleasant and useful as these beverages may be, they are not indispensable; their introduction was a great innovation, and their use was long confined to the wealthy. They are stimulants, producing a decided effect upon the nervous system; they are mischievous when taken in excess, and some people abstain from them altogether. Speaking broadly, they supply that craving for stimulants which seems to be innate in the human system; and, because they do this, their use has become so common.

No sweeping statement ought to be made as to the necessity for alcohol. In settling the question in any given case, we have to consider the surrounding physical conditions of the individual; his work, whether mental or bodily, whether hard or moderate; his food, whether plentiful and suitable, or the reverse. For a man in good health, well fed, working with his limbs out of doors, alcohol is seldom, if ever, necessary, though it is often a very pleasant adjunct to one or more meals. A man who under such circumstances takes two or three glasses of beer daily is a temperate man, and ought to be regarded as such. I fully agree with Dr. Wilks that, in the class of society to which we belong, the beer-drinker is generally a temperate man; he seems content with his beverage, and to have no desire for anything stronger. No doubt many a man of this kind could get on almost, or quite, as well with water, but he prefers the beer, and therefore takes it. When great and sustained exertion is required experience shows that alcohol is useless, if not mischievous. Soldiers endure fatigue and the extremes of heat and cold far better if alcohol be withheld. Dr. Parkes says that when debarred from spirits and fermented liquors men are not only better behaved, but are far more cheerful, are less irritable, and endure better the hardships and perils of war. It is a well-known fact that drinking is the great source of all crime and insubordination in the army, and that, although much improvement has been effected of late years, the belief is dominant in some quarters that ardent spirits impart strength and vigour to the human frame. The obstinacy with which men cling to this groundless belief would surprise those who attempted for the first time to combat this foolish prejudice.

For persons compelled to lead a sedentary life a little alcohol taken with meals may be not only pleasant, but often extremely useful. It is found to help digestion, and to brace up and sustain flagging functions.

In old age alcoholic stimulants are often very serviceable, especially in relieving sleeplessness, attended with slow and imperfect digestion. The late Dr. Carpenter, the most sensible and the most intelligent champion of the Temperance cause, found it desirable, in his old age, to take a little wine, and declared that he was the better for it. I purposely refrain from making any remarks on the use of alcohol in disease; this important topic is unfitted for discussion in these pages.

The greater longevity of total abstainers has naturally been used as an argument in favour of the practice, and it is one that deserves consideration, though it must not be pressed too far. To go to the other extreme, it is quite certain that the high rate of mortality among the intemperate is not sufficiently recognised. Dr. Ransome calculates that from 40,000 to 50,000 lives are lost every year from alcoholic indulgence. The numbers shown in the Registrar-General's reports fail to represent the actual mortality from this cause. Dr. Newsholme states that liver disease is perhaps the most trustworthy test of alcoholic excess, and that the mortality it causes is six times as high among innkeepers and publicans, and two and a half times as high among brewers as among the generality of males. In these classes the mortality from gout and nervous diseases is also invariably high, and alcohol likewise contributes to the mortality from phthisis.

The statistics of certain assurance offices apparently yield very striking evidence in favour of total abstinence as contrasted with moderation; but conclusions thus obtained are by no means absolutely to be relied upon. We never know what another person means by moderation unless we are fully acquainted with his habits of life and ideas on the subject. When we are able to ascertain the habits of so-called moderate drinkers, it often happens that the qualifying epithet is found to be quite out of place. Assurance offices refer to friends for the characters of applicants, who of course mention those who are likely to speak well of them. Their confidence is seldom misplaced; a free liver, taking himself as the standard, will return his friend as highly moderate or very temperate. Dr. Wilks quotes an American authority to the effect that insurance offices which admit moderate drinkers will always have a larger number of risks, and that from a third to one-half of all the inebriates under his care have life policies. It is obviously unfair to compare total abstainers with a class containing so many drunkards. Companies who admit moderate drinkers and leave the question of risk in these cases to the judgment of examiners, will alway have a large

number of these dangerous risks and a larger mortality. "What we want is a comparison between total abstainers and really moderate drinkers. We have this in the tables published by the United Kingdom Temperance Association and the Clergy Mutual Assurance. Among the clergy we have abstainers and moderate drinkers, but very few intemperate lives, so that we may well compare them with the total abstainer." Dr. Wilks states that, so far as he can understand the tables, the clergy, including the moderate men, have a slight advantage over the total abstainers. We have no statistics enabling a comparison to be made between the lives of spirit-drinkers and those of wine-drinkers. Even if pure examples of both types were procurable in sufficient numbers, it would be impossible to eliminate the influence of other agencies favourable or unfavourable to longevity. It must also be borne in mind that there are at least two classes of total abstainers: those who have never tasted the accursed thing, and those who have become abstainers because at some time or other of their lives they have tasted a great deal too much of it. Even if other conditions were equal, the prospects of longevity for individuals belonging to these two classes would necessarily be very different. There is another point, already alluded to; we have no right to attribute a definite effect to one cause alone when other probable causes exist. Abstinence from intoxicating drinks may well indicate a man's general character, other features of which will be favourable to longevity. Total abstainers may be credited with the possession of superior prudence in other matters. Long-lived persons are often early risers; but it is more probable that the vigorous vitality maintains the habit than that the habit alone maintains the vitality.

To return to the question of moderation in the use of alcohol, although different persons have very different ideas on this subject, certain experiments made by the late Dr. Parkes and others have enabled a satisfactory and definite conclusion to be drawn. In a strong, healthy man accustomed to alcohol in moderation, the quantity given in twenty-four hours that begins to produce effects which can be considered injurious is something between one and two fluid ounces. If this quantity be exceeded, certain effects indicate the advent of that stage in the greater degrees of which the poisonous effects of alcohol become manifest to all. The experiments were made upon two powerful, healthy men, and the conclusions therefore apply to such alone; in women, the quantity required to produce decidedly bad effects would in all probability be

less. For children (except as a medicine in illness), alcohol is always mischievous, and the very small quantity which suffices to produce intoxication in them indicates that they absorb it rapidly and tolerate it badly.

The quantity of alcohol above mentioned must be regarded as the maximum; but as it is expressed in absolute spirit it is necessary to ascertain how much it represents of ordinary spirituous liquors. Dr. Parkes tells us that one ounce is equal to two ounces of brandy (or whisky), to five ounces of the strong wines (ports, sherries, &c.), to ten ounces of the weaker wines, or to twenty ounces of beer. If these quantities are increased by one-half (corresponding to one and a half ounces of absolute alcohol), the extreme limit of moderation for strong men will be reached. Any additional quantity must be deemed excessive and certainly injurious.

As supplementing Dr. Parkes' estimate, much interest attaches to some experiments made by Sir W. Roberts on the effects of alcoholic fluids on the various stages of the process of digestion. It appears that spirits, in dietetic quantities, have no influence on salivary digestion, but wines, probably by virtue of their acidity, check the activity of this process. Gastric digestion is unaffected in the presence of 10 per cent. of proof spirit; but 20 per cent. retards operations, and 50 per cent. altogether checks them. The retarding effect of wine and malt liquors is not proportionate to the amount of alcohol contained in them; something else is present which has a more decided effect in this direction. Sherry and port have the most retarding effect; half a pint of sherry at dinner would make a mixture in the stomach containing 25 per cent. of the wine. This proportion would check digestion, and could only be deleterious. Malt liquors have a less retarding effect, but the latter becomes noticeable when 20, 40, or 60 per cent. of these fluids are added.

The fact that alcohol in somewhat full doses tends to retard digestion raises the question as to whether such retardation can ever prove beneficial. If this question can be answered in the affirmative, do we obtain a reason why alcoholic liquors are so frequently taken with meals? Sir W. Roberts thinks it quite possible that digestive retardation is sometimes useful, and that men take alcoholic beverages in part with the unconscious purpose of compassing this result. At first sight, it appears strange that great pains should be taken in cooking to make our food digestible and easy of attack by the digestive fluids, and that we should swallow fluids which render such culinary efforts more

or less nugatory. Dr. Roberts explains the incongruity on the ground that if the food be rendered too easy of digestion there arises a risk that the meal will pass too quickly and wastefully into the blood, and on through the tissues into the excretory organs, and so out of the body, before it has been made fully and economically available for the sustenance of the slow nutritive processes. Moreover, a sudden irruption into the blood of large quantities of newly digested aliment would tend to disturb the chemical equilibrium of that fluid, and so interfere with the tranquil performance of its functions. It would also tend to produce congestion of the liver and other organs, to the general disadvantage and discomfort of the economy. A too rapid digestion and absorption of food may be compared to feeding a fire with straw, instead of with slower burning coal. In the former case, it would be necessary to feed often and often, and the process would be wasteful of the fuel; for the short-lived blaze would carry most of the heat up the chimney. To burn fuel economically, fires are often damped down in order to ensure slow as well as complete combustion. The same process may often be advantageously applied in the digestion of food. There is nothing contradictory in making nutritive materials as digestible as possible, and controlling the rate of digestion by the use of certain accessory articles with food. This explanation refers to ordinary eating and drinking; but it also throws light on the adage that "Good eating requires good drinking." Immoderate meals are sometimes ended by slow soaking in dilute alcohol of almost all the food taken. Digestion is thus checked and prolonged, and in extreme cases the abdominal canal gets rid of its contents after a very scanty absorption of their nutritious principles into the blood-vessels. Some of the direct consequences of gourmandising are thus obviated.

I have now alluded to the principal points connected with the use of alcoholic liquors by persons in health. It would be easy to refer to other branches of the subject; but to do so at any length would transgress the limits of an ordinary article. I would observe, in passing, that the Duchess of Rutland's remarks in a recent number of this REVIEW on the best methods of combating intemperance are well worthy of perusal, and very encouraging to all workers in this field. Those who are anxious to know what steps the German Emperor proposes to take in order to combat intemperance will find their wants supplied by Mr. Beatty Kingston's interesting pamphlet on the subject as a whole. Much doubtless remains to be done, but the progress made during

the last few decades justifies the brightest hopes for the future. The state of opinion in most circles with regard to drunkenness is a striking indication of the progress made, but by no means the only one. Some portion of this improvement is due to the teetotallers, but deductions must be made for the consequences of the intemperate language of many advocates of the latter class. The evils of intemperance can scarcely be exaggerated, but to fling strong epithets at those who are really temperate only provokes a reaction in favour of drink. In the early days of the teetotal movement it was the habit to show far more abhorrence for moderate drinkers than for actual drunkards. The latter were represented as victims, the former as seducers, the drunkard being tempted into guilt by the example of the moderate. Fanatical declamation was the rule, and hence it came to pass that a teetotaller was commonly regarded as either a knave or a fool. Had it not been for the well-known eminence and honesty of men like the late Dr. Carpenter, the teetotal cause might have been crushed by the weight of ridicule evoked by those who claimed to be its champions.

All this is changed now; there are, of course, a few fanatics, some of whom, unfortunately, while always clamouring for the help of legislation, too often prevent any good from being achieved by its means. In the opinion of the writer, little, if any, improvement can be expected from legislation; the precepts and examples of the temperate will continue to operate, though without the noise and fuss so dear to the fanatical and ignorant. Let us regard alcohol as a luxury for most of those who take it, as a necessity for some persons, and as a poison for others; let us educate children to do without it; let us deal with habitual drunkards as we do with lunatics; let there be continuity in our views and actions, and let us be very careful not to substitute intemperance of thought and word for intemperance in alcohol.

ROBSON ROOSE.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET: FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

MARRIAGE—it is a question of universal interest and endless discussion. Although its legal conditions are much the same in England as in France, yet the spirit of the institution is so fundamentally different that it may be said that there is English marriage and French marriage. But the one does not appear to give more satisfaction than the other, though, oddly enough, the discontent in the two countries rests upon diametrically opposite grounds. Reversing the parable of the mote and the beam, each party seem inclined to declare that "this sort of thing is better managed" abroad—a state of things to be explained by the natural tendency of the dissatisfied to see in their neighbours' customs, which they have not tested by experience, only the advantages; while in their own, whose imperfections constantly oppress them, they see only the evils.

In France the word marriage evokes a chorus of lamentations. Everyone perceives an evil—that from which he suffers—and everyone prescribes a different remedy. But most people agree that these various evils arise from the unfavourable conditions under which the majority of unions are contracted. "People marry," it is said, "without knowing each other, and without considering anything but worldly interests. The heart alone ought to be consulted, whereas it is the family—especially in the case of daughters—which arranges a marriage as if it were a business transaction, and gives more weight to the element of convenience than to the element of inclination. And even among men, freed from family authority and masters of their own acts—how very many consult their lawyer rather than their liking? In short, it is almost always some third party who takes the responsibility of an act which binds entire lives." And since it is vaguely understood that in Great Britain things are done differently, a glorification of the English marriage is set up, and Albion, though "perfidious," is reckoned as the Holy Land of conjugal bliss.

But what do we find on the other side of the Channel? I had already collected quite a stock of observations on the subject when a certain famous discussion, not yet forgotten, arose, and helped me to co-ordinate them and to extract a judgment based on an average between the "for" and the "against," with an allowance for the numerous exceptions. All that was written upon the exciting question "Is Marriage a Failure?" enabled me to correct my personal estimate—the value of which was insufficient—by a public opinion freely expressed in the most diverse manner. Well, from the body of these numerous letters, slight or deep, commonplace or daring, witty or dull—but generally sensible—it seemed to me to appear that the state of marriage is far from giving all the satisfaction that we might expect in a people whose unions are supposed to be always contracted under the auspices of love. Hamlet's words, "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark," aptly sum up the whole of this passionate debate. Some English people might even be found asking whether there might not, after all, be much that was good in the French plan.

Before proceeding, I wish to say that I do not propose to examine this question from the moral point of view. That the conjugal bond is more respected in England than in France I do not deny. French people, remembering conspicuous cases, which, however, are exceptional, are fond of denying it. They affirm that the comparative rarity of scandal is due to external decorum, to the "English hypocrisy" which keeps up appearances, but that things are much the same below the surface. Perhaps they are wrong. They must be forgiven on the score of the great difficulty which we all feel in admitting more virtue in our neighbour than in ourselves. Although personally disposed to admit this superiority, and in particular to believe that on the part of men there is in England a stronger attachment to the family fireside, I shall not attack a question which is considered delicate. Apart from the risk of involuntarily offending the readers who are kind enough to give heed to a foreign writer, this point is outside my subject.

Is the sum of conjugal happiness greater in England than in France, or *vice versâ?* That is the problem which I would fain elucidate, and the solution of which would lead naturally to a conclusion as to the preferability of the so-called marriage of inclination, in the English manner, or the so-called marriage of convenience, *more Gallico.*

Unfortunately, as in most human problems, the facts say neither 'yes" nor "no"—I established that just now. The task is complicated

by the presence of this general dissatisfaction. I hope this word may not be misinterpreted. Far be it from me to pretend that there are not couples who can but rejoice in their marriage. There are even many such. But this, to my mind, is not the true ground of the question. Most persons who have a word to say in the matter, that is to say, almost everybody, commit the error of saying: "I am happy in marriage; then marriage is good"; "I am unhappy—it is detestable." While there are better and while there are worse marriages, this is but the language of Æsop. But man is essentially an egoistic animal; and, moreover, but very few minds are capable of generalisation. The truth is that in all countries of the world there are happy marriages, and less happy ones, and indifferent ones, and bad ones. No statistics could fix the proportions. It is a matter of classification, but we may reasonably think that the indifferent ones are everywhere in a majority. Experimental psychology proves that the height of happiness and the extreme of misfortune are seldom attained by mortals.

The diagnosis of the defects in the institution of matrimony is very easy; but to find their remedies much less so. But in any malady it is satisfactory, failing a remedy, to obtain alleviation. Might not English and French marriages respectively be ameliorated by borrowing something from each other? To decide this point it is necessary to see wherein they differ and what are the merits and the risks of each.

If things were judged by their appearance, by their label, so to speak the English marriage would be a union of hearts and the French marriage an association of interests, and this definition would suffice to establish the superiority of the first. But here we have one of those truisms whose emptiness is shown in a ludicrous form by the French saying: "Be happy; that is the true bliss." To say that a marriage for love has more chance of being happy than a marriage for money is a syllogism of about equal value. Assuredly that is clear—so clear as not to be worth the trouble of saying. If we reckoned in this way, the great matrimonial question would remain in all the innocent simplicity of the golden age—if, indeed, the golden age ever existed, a point about which there are grave doubts among those who think that human passions have not changed much since the days when our mother Eve shared with our father Adam the fatal fruit of the tree of good and evil. But the question is not so simple as that, to the great regret of the moralists and to the great relief of the psychologists.

First, I will ask of those for whom the word does not suffice, and

who wish to go to the depth of the thing, whether the vague word "love" denotes a feeling that is absolute and all of one piece. Who shall determine the minimum of love necessary to establish an ideal union between husband and wife? If the yoke of marriage is taken up in youth as nature dictates, agreeing herein with morality—which is not always the case—is there not a great risk of making mistakes? "Marriage of inclination" is easily said, and truly the expression is more exact than "marriage of love," for the French language observes a distinction between the terms. Can the name of love, in the true and noble sense of the word, be given to that naïve inclination of two hearts still ignorant of themselves, which forms in England the ground of so many premature alliances, deplored by many reflecting persons, contracted lightly, without the advice and sometimes without the consent of parents? And what is to become of these two children, who, taking for love the first trouble of their imagination, the first emotion of their senses, have bound themselves with a yoke whose weight they did not forecast, when, after awhile, their unripe inclination passes while their marriage remains? In France a certain prejudice exists against marriages of this kind—for it must not be believed that they are unknown there; marriages of mere inclination, though less frequent than in England, are made there without any intervention of parents, and even against their will. But, although some of them turn out very well, public opinion is on principle adverse to them, especially in the case of very young people. Among us, the paradox is current that after ten years a marriage of convenience will have grown into one of inclination, while a marriage of inclination will have ceased to be one even of convenience. And is it not indeed true that a straw fire, which flames higher than any other, dies out sooner and leaves no ash that can be rekindled?

Justice requires a mention of the custom of betrothal prevalent in England as in Germany, and indeed in Protestant countries generally. This time of probation would seem, and in a certain measure no doubt is, a guarantee of solid reciprocal attachment. But in the first place custom, by rendering engagements practically irrevocable without some little scandal, has taken away all reason for their existence. It is so easy for two young people to become engaged in the moonlight, while papa and mamma are playing a quiet rubber indoors: and it is such a piece of business to disengage themselves afterwards if some repentance comes to be felt for that tender impulse. And then, besides, unless we

accept mere words, do we really believe that two young people know each other much the better for having been engaged some months or even longer? Happy youth sees through rose-coloured spectacles. To know a character needs the discernment that comes of experience. How, in her innocence, can a young girl of an average normal type form a judgment of the man who has moved her simple little heart? If he is himself very young his moral temperament is not so much formed that he can tell what he will some day become. Nobody can tell that, indeed, for in taking shape a character alters shape. If he has reached a certain maturity things are even worse. It is impossible, with her ignorance of the nature and lives of men, that she should understand one whose past is a sealed book to her. As for men, however experienced they may be, this same ordinary normal young girl is an enigma to them, and only years of life in common can furnish them the key. The chrysalis can only be known when it develops into a butterfly.

Nor is it a true objection that young English girls, being brought up more freely, have more marked individualities than French girls. I have known and observed both sufficiently to be able to combat this generally accepted error, and to affirm that they are very much alike. On both sides is the same ignorance of the realities of life lingering from a child under careful parental guardianship, and kept up by their irresponsible position in the bosom of the family; on both, the same touching but dangerous illusions, the same puerile sentimentalities, the same romantic exaltation. They differ as to forms, but their states of mind are alike. The French girls go to balls and play tennis, just like their English sisters, sing ballads and paint in water-colours, cultivate their flowers, write letters to their friends, go shopping and pay visits with their mothers. The same entertainments and books are forbidden to both. They read the same novels—Walter Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and all the rest. Perhaps even they read some of which Mrs. Grundy would disapprove, for if the novel in her daughter's hand is English a French mother inquires no further. In any case, however, life is not learned out of novels, but rather from conversations; and in this direction girls hear more in Paris than in London, because the talk of drawing-rooms is much freer and people do not always remember to be on their guard in the presence of girls. They are trained to take no part, but they have ears and they are not stupid, and whether for good or for ill they thus acquire a vast amount of information. I say nothing of

the newspapers lying on every table—whoever has read certain French journals will understand me. They ride less, and seldom go canoeing, but these wholesome physical exercises have nothing to do with moral development. As to little innocent flirtations with the brothers and cousins of friends, or the friends of brothers and cousins, these flourish in France as in England, and in both countries might be called foretastes of love—very insufficient preparations for the great business of marriage.

This byway in which I have lingered has not led me away so much as might appear from my aim, since it brings me to the conclusion that, on both sides, marriage is generally a leap in the dark. That may be so, the moralist will say, yet, turn which way it will, there remain duty, solidarity of interests, and common affection for children, and more than this is not necessary to right-thinking people for the twin maintenance of the conjugal tie. And if the moralist is English he will add with legitimate pride that it is exactly here that British virtue triumphs. "It is very well for you Frenchmen," he will cry, "to open the door to immorality because love has flown out of the window ; with us, honour and self-respect remain to mount guard over the burnt out fire."

Agreed ; but then love has little or no place in the household, and from that charming but fragile skiff of inclination on which you embarked for the great voyage of life you have had to tranship yourselves to a more solid vessel. Since we have come to this practical region, would it not be well if we allowed the material question to intervene instead of being thrust into the background by romantic spirits; and if the element preponderates unduly in the marriage of convenience is it not, on the other hand, too much neglected in the marriage of inclination ?

I was speaking just now of the controversy " Is Marriage a Failure?" and I must come back to it, for it furnishes most instructive evidence in this matter. Among other particulars worthy of interest it might be noted that considerations of a sentimental order held but a small space, and emanated almost entirely from young correspondents of the fair sex, who had no experience of marriage. But there were plenty of the practical difficulties with which married people have to contend. So much the better ; for when sentiment takes part in social questions it only leads to follies, and the busy middle class in particular has but little time to waste in trifles and quintessential refinements. Well, there was one complaint which recurred like the burden of a song. In a country where it is not the custom to give a dower with a daughter, a man finds

the burden of a family heavy; and English families are numerous. Thus the fatal consequence of these romantically imprudent marriages is often a mediocrity, and even a narrowness of fortune, which quickly turns into bitterness the honey of the first wedded days. Assuredly it is well not to let pounds, shillings, and pence intervene in the union of two souls, but sentimental phrases are not current coin with the butcher and the baker. It must be owned, at the risk of seeming vulgar, that souls inhabit bodies, and that these demand their pittance of necessaries and even a little of the indispensable superfluous as well. Young lovers are apt to forget these ugly facts, and their forgetfulness does them honour; but if parents, whose minds are calmer, and who know the price of butter, do not think about such matters for them they run a risk of yoking themselves to the plough and finding that they have not strength enough, as the saying is, to drag anything but the devil by the tail. They are not long in discovering that love does not suffice to boil the kettle. And, indeed, this same love soon cools in consequence. No doubt Love in capital letters—that which Stendhal has well defined as love-passion—is strong enough to resist this trial—sometimes. Love in a cottage, as sung by the idyllic poets, is not undiscoverable, and it is a refreshing spectacle to the soul. But love of this superfine quality is a very rare commodity. And the other—the everyday love—is insufficient to diminish the ugliness of domestic poverty. Then the hungry Cupid spreads his wing, and bitterness, if not actual discord, takes his place by the chilled hearth; while husband and wife begin to reflect that since the element of material interest plays so important a part *after*, it would have been prudent to consider it *before*; in short, they eventually conclude by seeing nothing so absurd or so odious in the Continental custom of discussing the question of filthy lucre beforehand between the two families.

And here the poor French marriage, so much abused by the French, regains some advantage. The usual English opinion which sees in it an immoral bargain, in which inclination takes no share, and in which, as far as girls are concerned, family compulsion plays the principal part, contains an absolute error. It is by no means a feeling of patriotism, but a sheer regard for the interests of truth, which impels me to try and destroy it. I have been reproached often enough for exhibiting in my French writings a partiality for English things to be allowed to take up the defence of my own country's customs in the face of England.

In France, marriage is not regarded solely as the lawful means of

satisfying an inclination; it rests upon the following principles. First, since inclination puts scales on the eyes of him or her who is subject to it, especially when he or she is very young, the experience of parents confers on them the right of controlling and even, at need, of opposing it, in order to prevent a whole life from being ruined by an irreparable caprice of imprudence. Secondly, love, being an exalted passion, and therefore, subject to become weakened by the friction of common life's realities, it is prudent to secure for the married pair the safety and dignity of material position which may compensate for losses on the sentimental side. Lastly, and chiefly, marriage is the concern not only of those who contract it but of the children hereafter to be born, whose interests should be considered and assured. I may add that since, with the object of providing for these two last necessities, parents give to their daughters—and to their sons, too, when they can—a dower which is generally considerable in proportion to their means, it is fair that they should be consulted in the choice of a son-in-law or a daughter-in-law. There is the more force in this moral aspect because their inheritance descends compulsorily, and in equal shares, to their children, so that they are not, as in England, armed against a marriage made against their will. And it is remarkable that though in France men generally marry later than in England, because of this preoccupation about sufficient provision for their future family, it is rarely that their parents do not exercise a considerable influence upon their choice. The hair of French fathers and mothers stands on end when they hear of the romantic marriages often made by young Englishmen, who will write home, some fine day, that they are bringing a wife from somewhere or other, of whom their family knows nothing at all, and they themselves little more, except that she has caught their fancy.

A result of this point of view is, that in order to avoid hasty alliances, the parents—it is the mother in particular who undertakes this care—devote themselves to seeking for their children partners who are suitable as to age, disposition, social standing, and fortune. Often busy intermediaries take part in the matter; and when preliminary suitability has been ascertained the young people are brought into communication, or, if they know each other already, the suggestion of marriage is made to them.

This is what John Bull and the classic "British Matron" regard as the tyranny of cruel parents, who sacrifice their daughters to mercenary considerations. English people who know France know that nothing of

the sort exists. If the interested parties find themselves attracted by mutual sympathy, the banns are published; in the opposite case, things must begin over again—that is all. It would be childish to attach importance to the fact that the man addresses his proposal to the family instead of offering himself directly—a mere matter of form. Unless he is an absolute fool, he knows very well, without having asked her, what the girl thinks of him, just as he knows what he thinks of her. And is not the alternative form often a fiction? There are "arranged" marriages in England, too, and in such cases the direct proposal is a mere pretence. The French custom, moreover, is only usual in the case of girls whom their youth and inexperience, very properly, still keep under family tutelage, and it is considered, reasonably enough to my mind, that to speak to them of love without their parents' consent would be a betrayal of the hospitality and confidence shown by these parents, who might have objections against a too early, imprudent, or ill-assorted match. I imagine that in their hearts a good many English fathers and mothers are of the same opinion.

That parents do, however, sometimes put a moral pressure upon their children, especially their daughters, who are more dependent, is undeniable and regrettable. Tact is required to avoid exceeding the due authority given by superior experience and enlightened tendencies. But it must be understood that the rule and not the exception is under discussion. Moreover, there is a great difference between this and selling a daughter at a fixed price, dragging her by force to the altar and shutting her up, if she resists, in a convent, all which things are described by certain sensational English writers. I have read them! I will go so far as to say that the word "sale" applied to marriages where the question of what the husband brings holds too much place is generally misplaced. The parents, in fact, endow their daughters, and that liberally; they do not, therefore, gain so much by settling her in life as those who hand over to their son-in-law the charge of her maintenance. Moreover, French families being mostly small, the paterfamilias is not in so great a hurry to get rid of his daughters as in England, where parents are weighed down by the burden of their many blessings.

But the best of things have another side; and this prudence tends to develop unduly the notion of worldly advantage in matrimonial matters. To be unwilling, as the saying is, to marry hunger to thirst, is well; to consider in marriage nothing but the joining together of two

money-bags, is ill. Some parents, outstripping a wise intention, inspire their children with excessive ambitions. As one cannot have everything, the satisfaction of the heart is sacrificed to material gains, and as the heart does not fail to protest, unhappiness comes into the house, and too often immorality follows. But are we to condemn a good because its excess becomes an ill? Moreover, are these miserable marriages confined to France? I do not think I expose myself to contradiction when I say that they are not so infrequent in England as might be wished. Among the incompatibilities disregarded by those whom the gratifications of fortune and vanity dazzle, there is one which acts less disastrously upon conjugal happiness in France than might at first be supposed. I allude to the disproportion of age which appears to be much dreaded by young English girls. It is a fact that an immense number of French women are perfectly happy with husbands older than themselves by fifteen, twenty, or even more years. It seems just to conclude that they are of a less amorous temperament than their British sisters and that they rather seek happiness in the solid parts of conjugal life, that is to say, in a calm affection amid prosperity. Is it not rather strange to find them in this point more matter-of-fact than the daughters of a people justly famed among all others for its great practical sense?

As far as men are concerned the drawbacks of these business-like views of matrimony are greater; and here lies the radical defect of the French system. But even here we must distinguish. The fortune hunter proper deserves unmodified blame. I mean him who, endowed with physical advantages, with a good name, or an exceptionally brilliant position, cynically seeks to make money out of these things. He sets a price upon himself and says plainly: "I won't marry at less." Nevertheless, he does not propose to marry against his inclination, but he easily persuades himself that the girl is pleasing when the dowry is ample. Some, indeed, are so little fastidious that they will take a wife whose person is evidently repulsive, or her family of ill-repute. But there are heiresses in England, too; and there, as elsewhere, the glitter of gold seldom fails to reflect upon a young woman a glory of charm and virtue. The thing does not look so ugly, because the suitor does not generally ask what the lady has, but this is no proof that he does not know; it is only appearances that are preserved. A more indulgent view may be taken of those young Frenchmen who do not seek to enrich themselves by marriage but are desirous not to impoverish themselves. "I have or I earn so much; my way of life is of such a

figure; it would be too great a sacrifice to diminish my comfort by half by taking a wife without money. I only ask that she shall bring, partly in dowry, partly in inheritance, about an equivalent to my income—the dowry for herself and to help with the children; the inheritance—what is called "expectations"—to secure their future by-and-bye. There is a fallacy in this argument, namely, that the bachelor does not altogether abstain from female society, and in reckoning closely he would see that his expenses in this direction are as great, perhaps greater, than the maintenance of a wife—without counting moral considerations, the security of home, the dignity of life, the joys of fatherhood—advantages which marriage alone can give and which must be paid for like everything else.

But when all is said, this theory contains a considerable proportion of truth, because, owing to social and economic conditions, the Frenchman of the upper and middle classes makes a narrower livelihood. Democratic though the national temper may seem to be, people do not like to go out of their class by taking up certain callings, and trade is one of these. For various reasons, there is an unwillingness to seek fortune abroad, and a man who does so will not easily find a partner. Not, indeed, that French women fail in courage and devotion. But families, being smaller, hold more closely together; parents would rather diminish their capital in order to dower their daughters and keep them near; and daughters, when they become wives, however affectionate and devoted, do not break the close bond which attaches them to their father and mother. But only in rare cases are professional callings very lucrative; and Government salaries are but modest. In the army, where mothers like to look for sons-in-law, because soldiers have the name of making good husbands, there are a great number of sons of good family who have no fortune in the present, and little in the future. Until they attain the grade of field officer, they have barely enough to keep themselves as gentlemen. Can a man in these circumstances be blamed for not trying to win a woman's affections until he has worked out a sum in addition?

On the whole, if this mixture of the commercial in what seems to be purely a question of love is answerable for certain broken hearts and certain ill-matched households, it has also the beneficial result of avoiding many of those struggles with domestic difficulties—mean, harassing, exhausting struggles—which in England drown in bitterness so many married lives begun under tender auspices. In France it is not so easy

to marry daughters, but they make better marriages. Men take a wife later, but with more discernment. The active part taken by the family in marriage, its demands in the way of dowry on the wife's part and position on the husband's are safeguards protecting youth from hasty impulses of which the consequences are irremediable. Money-marriage —love-marriage—why this everlasting antithesis? Does it follow that people cannot be loved because they have money? And to put things at the worst, to be married for money rather than for person is not necessarily a reason for unhappiness. Unless there is actual antipathy —and where there is, few people commit the culpable folly of entering into the bonds of marriage—a woman gives gratitude in place of love to a man who makes a materially easy life for her, and a man respects the more a woman who is not a burden taken up in a moment of passing infatuation. In regard to the woman in particular, unless she has chanced upon a brute, the fact that she contributes to the family support enhances her moral authority in the house. And though on this point there is much to be done from a legal point of view in order to place marriage contracts on a footing of equity, yet custom in a large degree corrects the defect of the law.

I do not assert that French marriage is perfect—good heavens no!—but only that it is misrepresented and that the evils from which it suffers have not the origin generally attributed to them, even in France—that is to say, the interposition of the family and mercenary motives. I hope I have succeeded in showing, on the contrary, that these two supposed defects are perhaps the best of its virtues. Nor is it the only system of marriage undermined by grave irregularities. But assuredly the remedy needed is not an infusion of sentimentalism, since, in the country where it is supposed especially to flourish, a considerable and eminently respectable fraction of society has not feared to declare emphatically that "marriage is a failure."

MARIE ANNE DE BOVET.

THE TROUBLE IN UGANDA.

LORD SALISBURY expressed the sentiments of all Englishmen when he testified to our sincere regret that missionaries of whatever nationality should have suffered in the prosecution of their holy calling. But that regret must be tinctured with an amount of righteous indignation if the Roman Catholic priests in Uganda have intrigued and have instigated their native converts to attack without cause the Protestant natives, and if, further, Bishop Hirth has made unfounded charges against British officers, when these have strictly and impartially performed their duty as representatives of what is practically an English protectorate—a protectorate for the present vested in the Imperial British East Africa Company.* Now it is not difficult, from our knowledge of the situation up to the end of December last, and from a close examination of Bishop Hirth's report of the events in January, to piece together a consistent narrative of what took place, and one which there is small doubt will be justified when further and fuller information is to hand.

Three separate attacks were planned by the Roman Catholics, one to the east on the left bank of the Nile, one to the south-west in Buddu, and one at the capital in the centre. At each of these wings is a Protestant chief, the Melondo near the Nile, and the Pokino in Buddu. Probably these two assaults were delivered first and simultaneously, and then, emboldened by the success of these onslaughts, King Mwanga, who is nominally a Roman Catholic, led on his own party to wholesale massacre of the Protestants at the capital. At this juncture the officers of the company would be compelled to intervene and to protect the weaker by repelling the aggressors. Hence Mwanga and his followers

* I hope the barbarous word Ibea, formed from the initials of this company's name, is not to be the name of British Central Africa. It may be a savage district, but civilised persons need not inflict on it a further savagery.

were defeated and retreated to a small island, the Frenchmen finding shelter in the British fort. After two days the Bishop left the fort "in order to go to persuade the King to return." The King did not cease fighting, and was again beaten. On this, he and the Roman Catholic Bishop Hirth rushed to the canoes, and crossed to the large island of Sesse. From this place the King and his friends voyaged to Buddu, from which the Bishop boasts that all Protestants had been driven out, and then the Bishop made his way by boat, in three weeks, to Bukoba in German territory, from which last place he despatched his one-sided and highly sensational story. Baffled in his attempt to command the whole kingdom of Uganda, the Bishop is naturally bitter. Having abetted insurrection against the British supremacy, he must excuse his proceedings. That there was some butchery, and that even women and children were not spared in the heat of conflict, one can well believe, for native warfare is savage warfare, and Captain Lugard and Captain Williams had no sufficiency of troops to thrust aside the native levies under their own chiefs. The few Zanzibari and Soudanese brought from the East Coast—even though reinforced by a thousand or more rifles, when Lugard enlisted a number of Emin Pasha's old Nubians from Wadelai—would have plenty to do to hold their own, and could not be expected during the wild career of the general battle to restrain all the fury of the natives of the country. That an English captain calmly and approvingly watched whilst his Maxim gun shot down women and children, no one but a Frenchman will believe. But the English fort at Kampala, stockaded with poles, had been open for refuge to the French priests, and an escort was ordered round to the French mission to bring them off when Rubaga was in flames, and whilst the tumult of civil war was foaming and surging all around them. Father Guillermain wrote on January 31st: "Le docteur nous conduisait lui-même, sous bonne escorte, au Fort"—probably Dr. Macpherson. What else could have been done for them? What other measures for their safety could have been adopted? It is absurd to talk of their being prisoners, unless, indeed, their rebellious plottings had been so manifest and their rebellious temper still so hot against the English that they could not in the critical days be trusted amongst their own converts. The charges which the White Brothers have so recklessly instituted against Captain Lugard and Captain Williams will have to be hurled back against themselves, and a strict scrutiny will have to be initiated into their own conduct. What would the French Government say if English missionaries in a French

protectorate egged on Protestant native converts to burn the houses and villages, and to despoil the goods of Roman Catholic native converts? Yet there is abundant evidence that Roman Catholic natives in Uganda have done this, and there is much ground for suspicion that the French missionaries more than connived at it. Assuredly they did nothing to check it.

There is little likelihood that the Protestant natives were in January the first to move. They are much less numerous than the Romanists. The rolls of Church Missionary converts are under five thousand, whilst the priests claim fifty thousand. Probably the majority of these latter are but nominal adherents. Captain Williams in October estimated the two political parties as two-fifths Protestant and three-fifths Roman Catholic. The commencement of the fight was on a Sunday, January 24th—certainly not the day which the Protestants would have chosen. Least of all would Sembera Mackay, who, says the Bishop, was hit by the first shot of the Romanists. The Bishop fancifully styles him "one of the seven Protestant deacons." He was an elder, and one of the Church Council, having been baptised in March, 1882. Of him Mr. Roscoe wrote on December 4th: "This afternoon Sembera came again; he had been about from place to place, unarmed, trying to get the chiefs to stop and have a talk for peace. He has had several narrow escapes. One Roman Catholic chief told one of his men to shoot him. The man pointed his gun. Sembera asked the chief if he would shoot an unarmed man, who was trying to secure peace. The chief then called off his men." Another day Sembera went to Court unarmed and was within an ace of being shot by a Romanist then. He was not the man to begin a civil war.

In order to weigh more accurately the probabilities and improbabilities, it will be necessary to introduce a slight historical outline. Mwanga succeeded his father, the renowned Mtesa, in October, 1884. At that date there were none but Protestant missionaries in Uganda, the French having retired exactly two years before, and sold their non-portable goods to the English missionaries. They had originally entered the country a year and eight months after the first Church Missionary Society's men. This is important to remember, because M. Ribot, in the French Chamber, endorsed Prince d'Arenberg's mistaken argument that the Roman Catholics were in Uganda first, and that the others had come afterwards. Usually on the accession of a new king the males of the blood-royal are slain, and there is much clan fighting as well. Thanks to the persuasions

of the missionaries, there was on this occasion for the first time no war, and no blood letting, at any rate at the capital.

At first Mwanga was most anxious to have white men, but presently the wind changed, and he was haunted by the direst apprehensions as to the designs of the white men against his kingdom. He was but eighteen at his coming to the throne, and is barely twenty-six now. His Katikiro, or Prime Minister, or Grand Vizier, had held like office under King Mtesa, and was as much afraid of foreign invasion as Mwanga was. They had heard of German encroachments on the coast, and of white men in Busoga; probably the last was a late rumour of Mr. Joseph Thomson's march through Masailand the previous year. Then there were tidings of a white Bishop, poor Hannington, travelling on and proposing to visit Uganda by that "backway," as Mtesa always called it, from the eastward. The King issued orders for a frightful persecution. Scores of his subjects were murdered, thirty-two being burnt alive at one dismal pyre. There is a most touching account which the Rev. R. P. Ashe gives of a moonlight solitary walk to the scene of these massacres.* Then the King despatched orders to Chief Luba in Busoga to catch Hannington and his party and kill them—orders executed with too melancholy precision. Probably the brave and generous Bishop's death-message would be misunderstood by Mwanga, and the more terrify him: "Tell the King I die for Buganda. I have bought this road with my life."

This was not a religious persecution, although inevitably the Christian converts were its chief victims. A Mohammedan boy, whom an Arab had taught to read, was also put to death. All who could read, or were in possession of printed matter, were assumed to have predilections for foreigners, and were, therefore, to be executed. Numbers fled and kept in hiding. But the King's suspicions had overshot the mark. The most hopeful thing for Uganda is the keen, quick intelligence of the people. They are the Japanese of Africa. The younger men, whether Mohammedan or Christian, had imbibed a taste for knowledge, and they were determined to know more. Their eager aspirations were not to be quenched by a tyrant's will. They were nicknamed the "Readers"; we should rather call them the Reformers. A number of these were amongst the Household troops, and Mwanga, discovering this, hatched a silly plot to deport them to a barren island, and to leave them there for a living

* *Two Kings of Uganda*, p. 205.

death. As might have been expected, his plan was betrayed, and the King had himself to flee. Both Mohammedan and Christian united to place his brother Kiwewa on the throne. This was in September, 1888, but the next month the Arabs incited the Mohammedan natives to drive out the Christians, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. By a sudden rising this was accomplished, and both English and French missionaries narrowly escaped, after many indignities, with their bare lives. The Frenchmen had managed to secure clothing and provisions; the Englishmen were all but naked. At the shore, however, there lay at anchor the English mission-boat, the *Eleanor*, with her native captain and crew. Into this vessel both French and English embarked, and after incredible adventures, and hardships, and hairbreadth escapes, they reached the south of the lake. The French papers have made much of a polite letter which Lord Salisbury sent, thanking the French priests for their kindness in sharing their food and clothing with our missionaries on this occasion. But the French Minister of Foreign Affairs might also have thanked our men for the use of the English boat.

Mwanga, now an exile, offered to come to Mr. Mackay, and the latter actually asked leave from the Church Missionary Society's Committee to bring the deposed King to England. But the Roman priests got hold of him, and with the help of a Mr. Stokes, an Irish trader in those parts who has married a native wife, but who is himself a Protestant, they proceeded in 1889 to reinstate Mwanga. This was about the time Stanley and Emin Pasha were passing on their way down to the coast. Stanley met some of the Protestant Christians, at that time wanderers from Uganda, and he speaks very highly of them. The Roman Catholic exiles were not by themselves strong enough to restore the King; so they opened negotiations with the Protestant exiles. These latter were advised by their missionaries to hold aloof. They had the only capable general, the man who is now Katikiro of Uganda. They joined the Romanists, but guarded themselves by a very strict treaty. The agreement was that the several chieftainships, and with them the whole kingdom, should be divided equally between the men of the two Christian parties, and that if a chief changed his denomination he should by that act forfeit rank and estates. This, they felt, was requisite, because, under the species of feudal system which obtains in Uganda, the men follow the chiefs, and are serfs where they are not slaves. Since, too, the King was a Roman Catholic, the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, was always to be a Protestant. These terms were

voluntarily agreed to by the Roman Catholics. The Christian allies conquered the Mohammedans, and forced them away to the confines of the kingdom, and then forthwith settled the Government according to the letter of the treaty.

Out of this agrarian settlement most of the confusion and the quarrelling have arisen. For in the first instance the division was not thoroughly and faithfully completed. Captain Lugard had after his arrival to require the division of Sesse to be made. Yet Bishop Hirth, who is well aware of all the stipulations, names it as a crime that "half the Sesse islands were taken by force from Mwanga by the English."* When a Bishop can write with such deliberate inaccuracy, who can trust his other statements? But the good Bishop's animus leaks out even in trifles. He says: "We ask neither for bicycles nor champagne." What the champagne sneer refers to one cannot so much as guess. But the Rev. R. P. Ashe boasted, innocently enough, that on his last journey up to Uganda he accomplished part of it on a bicycle.

This indisposition to promote the proper distribution of the land was but the beginning of disputes. In the allotment of the chieftainships the Romanists were careful to appoint none but "red-hot" Roman Catholics. The Protestants were more fairly disposed. Where a heathen chief had been tolerably respectable and friendly they allowed him to retain his old position. This, however, has proved a too generous policy. The King being of the other party, all prestige was on that side, and these heathens were accordingly tempted to embrace, at least nominally, the Roman profession. When they did this, according to the terms of the treaty they forfeited their honours and their property. This the Roman Catholic party resisted, and when they clamoured against it, Captain Williams hesitated to enforce it. Lugard's impression was "chiefs of either party are continually ousting petty landowners of the opposite creed from their estates; especially, I think, the Catholics are turning out Protestants and forcing on quarrels" (Blue Book, Africa, No. 4, 1892, p. 106). Finally Williams suggested that there ought to be a Government of selected chiefs, men chosen irrespective of their religion. To this the Protestants declared their willingness to assent, if the British flag were run up over the palace, so that they might have the safeguard of English justice. As an alternative they proposed to leave the Court

* I quote here as elsewhere from the translation of Monsignor Hirth's letter in the *Tablet* of June 4th, but I have compared it with the original French in *Les Missions Catholiques*.

and to go away in a body by themselves, or to form a kingdom of their own elsewhere, or else to join some neighbouring State. Against such proposals both Captain Lugard and the English missionaries protested. They felt that it could not be good for the land to have undiluted French influence. There is language in the latest letters, both of Captain Lugard and of Mr. Pilkington, a missionary,—formerly an Uppingham boy and of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and one of the masters of Bedford Grammar School,—and of other missionaries, to the effect that these parties were not really religious but purely political. Perhaps if Captain Lugard and Captain Williams had been firmer against the Romanists it would have been better.

It is ridiculous, therefore, to insinuate that the company's servants have been partial to the English missionaries. Captain Williams at any rate was no favourite with our missionaries.* If one may judge by his own and the missionaries' letters he a little resembles those Englishmen who, when they are on the Continent, consider it cosmopolitan to decry everything English. He certainly interpreted impartiality as leaning towards the Roman Catholics. Equally ridiculous, and one must add equally wicked, is the following:—"The last letter from Captain Lugard to Mwanga threatened to surrender Uganda to Mboge, King of the Mussulman Brigade." What a perversion this of Captain Lugard's constant and repeated endeavours to show them that if they perpetuated their dissensions they would not only let in the expatriated Mohammedan Waganda, but they would also throw wide the doors for other Mohammedans. He was watching (Blue Book, p. 103) the rival sects of the Mahdi and Senoussi, and was well aware of their proximity.†

Cardinal Lavigerie would not be as popular as he is, both at the Vatican and in Paris, if he had not managed adroitly to please both. The propagation of the faith has in him its most ardent, indefatigable, and illustrious leader. He is a missionary who does not disdain to be a Crusader, and to levy troops as well as priests. Thus he pleases the Vatican. He has also tickled the palates of Frenchmen by the relish

* Blue Book, Africa, No. 4, 1892, p. 128.

† I may claim to have been one of the first in public print to draw English attention to the advance of the Senoussi. It was in the spring of 1888. Even the *Times*, when these fanatics appeared in the Egyptian Soudan, at first mistook the name for that of a leader and not that of a sect. They are spreading all over Central Africa. Their preachers have been in the towns of Sierra Leone. Their warriors have burnt Timbuctoo. They will presently make short work of the Mahdi. They are in the near future the most formidable Mohammedan peril for Africa.

of colonial extension. A glance at the map of Africa will disclose the plan of campaign. The French have already the French Congo, and with it most of the Congo seaboard. Beyond this, inwards, there is the Congo Free State, of which the French have the reversion should the Congo Company become bankrupt, or for any cause be unequal to the task of administering the vast area committed to them. French travellers have been exploring towards Lake Chad, and sealing treaties with new tribes and natives in that far interior. Could the French also acquire Uganda, with its immediately neighbouring States, and ultimately procure a slice of the Italian sphere to the east coast, they would then possess an uninterrupted belt of territory from west to east, slightly trending northward, across the whole of Africa. It would be a magnificent colony. It would outflank the Germans, it would command the sources of the Nile, and it would threaten Egypt and Abyssinia.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* has reminded us that during the sitting of the Brussels Conference Cardinal Lavigerie addressed to the President, on March 19th, 1890, a letter urging the exclusion of Uganda from any sphere of European influence. With a marvellous second-sight into his ecclesiastical superior's mind, Père Lourdel was at that very time arguing in Uganda itself for the same end. More than this, Father Schynze, whom Stanley found in misery and brought to the coast, was observed to be always in much confidential conversation with Emin Pasha, and afterwards returned with Emin on his expedition ; one object of which expedition was to meet Dr. Peters, who had negotiated amongst other treaties one with Mwanga, under the auspices of the French priests, in favour of Germany. When Peters fell in with Emin Pasha they would have executed this treaty, but Mr. Gedge, one of the British Company's agents, met the Pasha and told him of the Berlin Treaty delimiting respectively the German and British spheres of influence. It is manifest that if the French cannot seize Uganda for themselves they would at any rate wrest it from the English.

Foiled in this treaty-mongering, the policy of the Frenchmen has been to render Uganda unworkable by the English. The priests were always careful that neither English missionaries nor English officers should have a single interview with King Mwanga without one of themselves being present. Whenever there were disturbances the Roman Catholic Waganda ran to the palace and spent the night there in arms. Weapons and ammunition were smuggled from the South, and rumour freely credited the French priests with facilitating this contraband

traffic through their southern station at Ukumbi. The Germans behaved most creditably, and were very vigilant to prevent such illicit exportation of arms and gunpowder through their boundaries into ours. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* quotes a passage from a paper by Dr. Warneck, of Eisleben, the German Missionary Inspector. It runs thus: "A report from Father Achle, of the beginning of August, 1891, lies before me, in which, among other things, he says, 'The war against the Mussulmans was scarcely at an end when a new and much more bitter and difficult one had to be begun again with the Protestants. It seemed to us a suitable moment to make an energetic sally for the spread of Catholicism in Buddu, and for spurring on the religious zeal of the chiefs.'" Let it be remembered that this Buddu is under one of the best of the Protestant chiefs, and it is the very district from which Bishop Hirth now boasts that all the Protestants have been swept out. In January, 1890, the late Alexander Mackay was of opinion that "Père Lourdel wants to have Mwanga in his own hands." Emin Pasha told the Rev. R. H. Walker that the French priests at Ukumbi had tried their very utmost to get him (Emin) to go to Buganda. The Rev. E. C. Gordon observed in October, 1889, "At present Père Lourdel has a great deal of influence with Mwanga." When Père Lourdel died his lieutenant Père Lombard proved as tough, and persistent, and forceful a personage with the King as Lourdel had been. It is vain, however, to accumulate opinions, or to multiply quotations: the broad lines of their action are the best signs of the will and intentions of the Frenchmen. On the other hand, as to the attitude of the Englishmen, a couple of sentences will suffice. On October 2nd, 1890, the Rev. E. C. Gordon wrote: "To the Protestant chiefs I give further advice, and tell them to give way and yield, and to trust in God and uphold His cause." On July 14th last there is a letter of the Rev. R. H. Walker, in which this occurs: "We as missionaries, teach that political and temporal power are not aids to religion, and therefore advise our people to give them up." It may be added that throughout the whole mission field, and in every country and quarter of the globe where they have agents, the Church Missionary Society instructs them in printed official instructions, which are handed to every missionary, that they are not to participate in political movements, or to mix themselves up with the politics of the place.

Enough probably has been adduced to illustrate the present situation in Uganda, to search out and display its causes, and to estimate its bearings. But why have we no letters from the English, either officers or

missionaries? The Roman Catholics have been able to cut off communications from the English to us both along the old route across German territory, and by the new route across the Nile and eastward to Mombasa. They have intercepted and destroyed the mails for which Mr. Martin waited in Kavirondo. He waited till he dared delay no longer. No messenger could for the time pass downward to the German sphere. Thus, the Romanists have cleverly gained months of start for their own version of events, almost secure from contradiction. Lord Salisbury mentioned in the House of Lords a telegram from Captain Williams, but did not explain how Williams got to Mwanza, whence the telegram was despatched, or what was his object in going there. Possibly it was for food supply. The telegram is also altogether silent as to any censure from the French priests, so that it is more than possible, it is most probable, they had kept their own counsel and said nothing to him, or to people on the spot as to what they had written to Europe. Hence, we may well conjecture that he and his fellow Englishmen are ignorant of the slightest imputation upon their behaviour. The latest news the Church Missionary Society has had is up to March 15th, from the Rev. J. V. Dermot, who is stationed at Nassa, on the south-east coast of the Victoria Nyanza. He says, "I have just received a letter from Mr. Muxworthy, of Mwanza, in which he says, 'Our boat (Mr. Stokes') has returned from Bukoba, and I am pleased to learn that all Lieutenant Langheld's news was too black, as I anticipated. Messrs. Ashe and De Winton are both living. Captain Lugard has cleared the islands of Mwanga's followers, and was at Bukoba. . . . . Mwanga is in German territory.'" But Mr. Muxworthy adds, "The above news is from the sailors," who, being natives, are not over trustworthy. Mr. Muxworthy is partner with Mr. Stokes. If Lugard was then, *i.e.*, before March 15th, in Bukoba, there would be more reasonableness in expecting Williams at Mwanza by the end of the month. But his presence there, and what he had come for, is somewhat puzzling. Is there a mistaking of Lugard for Williams? Was it Williams who was at Bukoba? There is difficulty in reconciling the telegram with Sergeant Kuhne's report. By the time, however, that this article is in the hands of the reader the riddle may be solved.

On the top of all this unhappy news from Uganda there is the information that the Imperial British East Africa Company will scuttle out of that land at the end of the year. Why did they go there, if they did not mean to stay? A flying column swooping down, signing a treaty, and

then dashing off is worse than of no use in such a region. It does incalculable harm. Mr. Jackson's visit implicated the English missionaries as though they were connected with English political action. It exasperated the French. If Captain Lugard and his companions are withdrawn, the £16,000 which friends of the Church Missionary Society contributed last year to keep the company's men another year at their post will have been practically lost. One is not much enamoured of company Government. The East India Company after the Mutiny gave place to the Imperial Government, greatly to the advantage of that great peninsula. The Hudson's Bay Company ceded their rights to the Dominion of Canada, and since then wide spaces of fertile land, which the company had monopolised for their fur trapping, are being occupied and subdued to culture by English emigrants. The sooner both the Niger and East Africa are Crown colonies the better for the natives of those lands. Money has been voted by our Parliament for a survey for a railway. But what will be the value of a railway if it stops short midway? The £20,000 granted by Parliament for the survey was accorded upon philanthropical grounds as a step towards cutting the neck of the slave traffic. But if the railway be not continued to the heart and centre of that traffic, it will be comparatively impotent for its purpose. If England retreats now she will have dabbled for mischief, and will have incurred a serious and eternal debt to those Waganda populations. The English missionaries will forthwith be ejected. The native Protestants will be slaughtered, or will have to flee for their lives. The French and the Romanist natives will rule for awhile, and then a combined force of heathen and Mohammedans will overthrow them, and will in turn persecute them. Thus we shall have admitted the fierce Mussulman one stage further on into the heart of Africa. It need not after this be very long before the French come in, and they will have at their feet as glorious an acquisition as any that ever was under the lilies or the tricolour.

For Uganda has immense possibilities. It will eventually be a mine of wealth for that European nation which will be at pains to administer it. More than this, nowhere could the slave trade be checked more decisively. England has hitherto stinted no outlay to suppress slavery. She has not spared to expend thousands upon thousands for her cruisers. Latterly the cost has been somewhere about £200,000 a year. What would it be, therefore, if she were to spend now three-quarters of a million or a million upon a railway, and another £20,000 a year for ten years in controlling the kingdom? This would be a final blow

to the trade. This would crown the edifice. Very soon a legitimate trade would have been secured which would amply repay the original outlay. It is the one spot in Central Africa where Europeans can live and can flourish. Its lofty land, four thousand feet above the sea, is salubrious in spite of heavy equinoctial rains and the present huge swamps. The products of the country are inexhaustible. Every tropical and sub-tropical plant could be grown there. Salt is cheap, and this is a priceless commodity in Africa. Coffee berries are wild. Tobacco and indiarubber vines can be had in abundance. Tea and cotton could be cultivated remuneratively. A limitless supply of grain and of hides might be had. Ropes could be manufactured from hemp or banana fibre. The one prohibitive obstacle is the cost of transport. It entails by human porterage a price of £200 a ton from the coast inwards for imports, and from Uganda outwards for exports. Such a tariff is impracticable for business. Monsignor Livinhac when he first saw the landscape was in ecstasies, it was such a paradise in contrast to Algeria.* Its equable temperature was "loins d'être de feu comme dans le Sahare" There were bananas, sweet potatoes, maize, manioc, peas and beans. There were sheep and cows, buffaloes, antelopes, gazelles, and rabbits. There were plenty of birds, such as quail, partridges, guinea fowl and ducks. There were birds of exquisite plumage, but no songsters. There was larger game, elephants, rhinoceroses, and lions. In short, almost anything could be had or raised there, and we learn from other writers that the inhabitants are good cooks. They make good porridge and excellent cakes.

There is, indeed, in Africa no quicker-witted or more intelligent race. The Waganda would be apt traders. There is iron in plenty. What other mineral resources there may be will be known by the middle of July, when the report of a geological survey will be received from Mr. Walcot Gibson, who was commissioned by the company to go and see the district and investigate. Here, then, there is offered a new and grand market for English commerce, and a new supply of goods for British needs. Here there is a sphere which admits of an auspicious union of business with philanthropy. Here there is a place already illustrious for the sublimest romance of missionary heroism. Here there is a land to which we have by our action already incurred serious obligations. Several portions of the Bible have been translated, printed, and circulated. As soon as a package of Gospels is landed it is sold off, and

* *Les Missions Catholiques*, 1885, p. 179.

might be sold a hundred times over, so eager are the people to read. Two of the catechists, Henry Wright Duta and Samweli, are very eloquent preachers, and there are others highly promising. The large central church of the Protestant mission accommodates a congregation of a thousand. Waganda labourers are good road makers, and by no means dull artisans. Industrial missions are here in much request, and the Church Missionary Society will probably at the earliest opportunity be sending a band of laymen under the Associated Evangelists' Scheme. Is all this to be given up, and the fruits of fifteen years of toil and martyrdom to be ruthlessly sacrificed? The graves of two bishops lie north and south of that wondrous lake, claiming it, as it were, in the name of God. At the foot of the lake are seven graves of English missionaries, one of them that of Mackay, who for fourteen years held on to his post, never leaving Africa. There is no mission more bound up in the heart of the Christian public of England, or which so stirs the feelings of men of every ecclesiastical school in the Church of England.

But apart from missionary considerations, or from philanthropic enthusiasm for the liberation of the slave, it is a country whose history touches English patriotic sentiment. It is over thirty years since Speke discovered it, and there determined the age-long problem about the sources of the mysterious Nile. General Gordon was interested in it, and sent Colonel Long to Mtesa in 1874. Stanley was there the following year, and on June 30th, 1877, the first missionaries, the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Lieutenant Shergold Smith, arrived. Englishmen pioneered that route to the Lake from Zanzibar, which to-day affords the Germans such advantageous preference, for it is all now in their sphere. Englishmen again explored another route, and were the first to approach the Lake, and reach Uganda from the direct East. English capital has already been sunk there in thousands. Will Englishmen surrender all this, and desert the people, leaving them to unutterable anarchy and desolation? Fair acres that might be will be a wilderness. Men will be murdered wholesale, or slaughtered in profitless wars. Women and children will be dragged away to slavery. Where there might be churches and mansions, and factories, and smiling farmsteads within a dozen years if England is enterprising, generous, and resolute, there will be a howling jungle, the abode of wild beasts, and impassable for the footsteps of man. The decision must be made to-day. How will England determine? The only other civilising alternative is a French or German dominion there. Do we wish for that?

WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH.

CULTURE: ITS MEANING AND ITS USES.

NOT many years ago, I happened to notice the review of one of my books in some weekly periodical. The writer sneered at me for travelling round Europe with a portmanteau full of culture on my back. This made me reflect. What does the reviewer mean by culture? What is it I am supposed to stagger under like a pedlar's pack? And then, what do *I* mean by culture? How do *I* value the wares I carry on my shoulders? Reflection convinced me that the reviewer and myself held different opinions about what we both call culture.

It is probable that when people use this word, nowadays, it signifies for them some knowledge of history and literature, intelligence refined by considerable reading, and a susceptibility to the beauties of art and nature. But words which have been overworked, or which have passed into the jargon of cliques, are apt to acquire a secondary and degraded meaning with the general public. And this has been the case with culture. All the good things it implies in common parlance are understood to be alloyed with pedantry, affectation, æsthetical priggishness. It is believed that the cultured person, like the dilettante of a previous century, will rave about the Corregiosity of Corregio, the symbolic depth of Botticelli, the preciousness of Ruskin's insight into Tintoretto. Or, if he does not take that line, he may be expected to possess a multifarious store of knowledge about all periods of all the arts and literatures, or to be perpetually parading this knowledge in and out of season.

The last sort of stuff is, probably, what my reviewer accused me of hawking over Europe. But this, I am certain, is not what I mean when I talk of culture.

Judged by the etymology of the word, culture is not a natural gift. It implies tillage of the soil, artificial improvement of qualities supplied by nature. It is clearly, then, something acquired, as the lovelinesses

of the garden rose are developed from the briar, or the "savage-tasted drupe" becomes "the suave plum" by cultivation. In the full width of its meaning, when applied to human beings, culture is the raising of faculties—physical, mental, emotional, and moral—to their highest excellence by training. In a particular sense, and in order to distinguish culture from education, it implies that this training has been consciously carried on by the individual. Education educes or draws forth faculties. Culture improves, refines, and enlarges them, when they have been brought out. Finally, although moral and physical qualities are susceptible of both education and culture, yet it is commonly understood, when we use these terms, that we are thinking of the intellectual faculties. This is specially the case with culture. It would be pedantry to extend its sphere to morals and athletics; we cannot talk of a cultured gymnast or a cultured philanthropist, for instance, when we are referring to a man who has trained either his muscles or his benevolent emotions to their highest excellence.

I will therefore define culture, for the purpose of this discussion, as the raising of previously educated intellectual faculties to their highest potency by the conscious effort of their possessors.

In its most generalised significance, culture may be identified with self-effectuation. The individual attempts to arrive at his real self, to perfect the rudiments supplied by Nature in the way for which he is best qualified, and by so doing to arrive at independence—what the Germans call *Selbstständigkeit*. Men of true culture, as distinguished from that false thing which usurps the name, may possess diverse intellectual temperaments, and reach widely-separated points of vantage. But they agree in this, that each has acquired freedom from bondage to cliques and schools, from the prejudices of the worser and the fashions of the better vulgar. Goethe points out in two famous lines that this self-effectuation, which is the highest end of culture, demands different environments according to the different quality of the mental force to be developed.

Es bildet ein Tatent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.

"Talent forms itself in the silence of the study, character in the stream of the great world." But when formed, each mental force, whether it belongs to the contemplative or to the active order, each self, so cultivated, will possess the privilege insisted on by the same poet of being able "to live resolvedly in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful":

not in the warped, the falsified, the egotistical; not in the petty, the adulterated, the partial; not in the school, the clique, the coterie; but in the large sphere of universal and enduring ideas.

It will be seen now that, when I speak of culture, I mean something different from what is commonly intended by the half-slang phrase. It may be urged I am ascribing too lofty and indefinite a function to culture, when I define it to be the raising of intellectual faculties to their highest potency by means of conscious training. Still, the more we think about the derivation and the history of the word, the more shall we become convinced that this is its root meaning, its most abstract and essential signification. It is the duty of criticism always to aim at bringing back abused or debased words, so far as this is possible, to their logical and legitimate values.

But now comes the question, How is the man with educated faculties to achieve culture? In the case of rare and specially gifted natures, there is no need to ask this question. They attain culture, and more than it can give, by an act of instinct. They leap to their work impulsively, discover it inevitably. Owen Meredith, the late Lord Lytton, wrote no stronger line than this, which I quote from memory:

"Genius does what it must, but talent does what it can."

In trying to solve the problem of culture, we are bound to leave genius unreckoned. The force implied in what we call genius is incalculable, uncontrollable. Genial natures are often doomed to frosts and thwartings; are sometimes favoured by the grace of circumstance; are never fostered by prescribed rules and calculated issues. Handel, with nothing but a purely professional education, soared far higher into the ideal regions of his art than Mendelssohn with all the culture Germany could give him. Shakespeare, a mere playwright and theatre-lessee, darted his rays of dramatic insight far deeper and far wider than Goethe, who was nursed upon the lore and wisdom of all ages. Genius is the pioneer whom talent follows; and men of culture have been mostly talents, though we can discover here and there a genius among their ranks. In dealing with culture, then, we have to regard the needs of talent rather than the necessities of genius: intellectual faculties of good quality, rather than minds of an exceptional, unique distinction.

Culture is self-tillage, the ploughing and the harrowing of self by use of what the ages have transmitted to us from the work of gifted minds. It is the appropriation of the heritage bequeathed from previous

generations to the needs and cravings of the individual in his emancipation from "that which binds us all, the common." It is the method of self-exercise which enables a man, by entering into communion with the greatest intellects of past and present generations, by assimilating the leading ideas of the World-Spirit, to make himself, according to his personal capacity, an efficient worker, if not a creator, in the symphony for ever woven out of human souls.

There are two principal methods for arriving at the ends involved in culture. These may be briefly described as Humanism and Science. In a certain sense, we owe both to that mighty intellectual movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with which the term Renaissance is commonly connected. The so-called Reformation movement was a subordinate, though politically important, stream of its main current. The essential element in this great burst of energy has been well defined in Michelet's famous formula: the re-discovery of the world and of man. It began with the revival of learning, or the return of the mediæval mind to fountain-heads of knowledge and of life-experience gushing from long-neglected antique sources. At first, as was natural, the study of mankind in ancient languages, and literatures and histories in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman records arrested curiosity. Humanism—the literary, philosophical, historical, artistic side of culture—gave tone to European thought for many generations. Still, it was impossible to pursue these studies of the past without raising comparison with the present. The remoteness of the modern from the antique mind led to critical analysis; and out of criticism emerged science. Science includes all branches of exact co-ordinated knowledge. Criticism, exerted first upon texts and theories, began to be extended to facts. In course of time the study of nature evolved itself out of the study of ancient philosophies. The curiosity about the external world, which had at first been poetical, æsthetic, sensuous, assumed the gravity of anxious speculation and of careful inquiry into actual conditions of existence. Mathematics, in the field of physics and astronomy, introduced novel conceptions of the universe. Without tracing the evolution of the natural sciences, it is enough to observe that at the end of the last century Europe became aware that humanism alone would not suffice as the basis of education and culture. The Renaissance had rediscovered man and the world. The criticism of man implied humanism. The criticism of the world, at a somewhat later period, led to science. Science, though later to emerge, proved itself the paramount force of the modern as distinguished

from the antique and the mediæval spirit. The whole of this nineteenth century has been dominated by a rapid extension of scientific ideas. Scientific methods have been introduced into every department of study. We have arrived at the conviction that mental training of a thorough sort cannot neglect science. In other words, we know now that an interpenetration of humanism with science and of science with humanism is the condition of the highest culture. At present the fusion cannot be said to have been fully realised. And for the future it is probable that there will always be two differently constituted orders of minds, the one inclining to the purely humanistic, and the other to the purely scientific side of culture.

I have no wish to enter here into the controversy which has been carried on between scientific men and humanists as to the relative educational value of their methods. Nor do I want to touch upon the burning question as to whether the classics will have to be abandoned in our schools. I shall content myself by pointing out that if, as Pope says, "the proper study of mankind is man," then humanism must always keep the first rank in the higher intellectual culture. It cannot be dethroned by abstract mathematics or by the investigation of the physical universe. Ideal culture involves both factors; and this ideal was to some extent realised in Goethe. Few men—none, indeed—can hope now to exercise themselves completely in both branches. We have to choose between the alternatives of a literary or a scientific training. Still, the points of contact between humanism and science are so numerous that thorough study compels us to approach literature scientifically and also to pursue science in a humane spirit. The humanist remembers that his department is capable of being treated with something like the exactitude which physical research demands. The man of science bears in mind that he cannot afford to despise imagination and philosophy. Both poetry and metaphysic, upon the one hand, contributed to the formation of the evolutionary hypothesis. Without habits of strict investigation, on the other hand, we should not possess the great historical works of the nineteenth century, its discoveries in comparative philology, its ethnological theories and inquiries into primitive conditions of society.

I have been speaking about culture as a form of self-effectuation through conscious training of the mind. It is a psychical state, so to speak, which may be acquired by sympathetic and assimilative study. It makes a man to be something; it does not teach him to create anything. It has no power to stand in the place of Nature, and to endow a human

being with new faculties. It prepares him to exert his innate faculties in a chosen line of work, with a certain spirit of freedom, with a certain breadth of understanding.

This brings me to consider the relation of culture to those special industries, arts, and professions which are determined by the subdivision of labour and by the varieties of human temperament. We have seen already that "genius does what it must." Education and self-training exercise but slender formative influence over natures like Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Shakespeare. This is the pith of the old proverb that "a poet is born, not made." Some of the greatest men of genius, Burns and Turner, for example, can hardly be called men of culture. Others, like Ben Jonson, Tasso, Heine, were so emphatically. We have also seen that "Talent does what it can." For this reason, culture is most important to men of talent. It enables them to know what they can do; brings forth their latent capacities; leads them to choose painting or sculpture, pure literature or philosophy, according to their innate bias. It also compensates that bias by giving them a general sympathy with things outside their speciality. In this respect it is of value also for men of genius, whose bias in one particular direction reaches the maximum. Specialists, unless they be creative geniuses of the most marked type, require to be armed by culture against narrow-mindedness and the conceit of thinking that their own concerns are all-important. A man of moderate ability who cannot see beyond the world of beetles, beyond the painter's studio, beyond the church or chapel, beyond the concert-room, beyond the grammar of an extinct language, or some one period of history, is apt to be intolerable. Culture teaches him his modest place in the whole scheme. Culture is, therefore, absolutely essential to the mental well-being of persons confined by their craft or profession to a narrow range of intellectual interests. I am, of course, not alluding here to handicraftsmen and honest labourers, who do the work required of them without self-conceit, and serve the immediate needs of society without being aware of their own inestimable value. But, to return to the intellectual specialist. It is fortunate for him that the downright examination of any branch of knowledge, the conscientious practice of any fine art, directs a man of ordinary talent on the path of real culture. This is due to the inter-connection of all departments in the scheme of modern thought. Humanists and scientists have been engaged together for nearly five centuries in weaving a magic robe, warp and woof combined

into one fabric, which gradually, through their accumulated industry, approximates to something like an organic tissue. The hope of the future is that any exact investigation of one part will imply an adequate acquaintance with the whole. An able man, therefore, who has made himself an accomplished specialist, will even now be found to have in him the spirit of true culture. That is to say, he will regard his own subject as one province of a vast, perhaps an illimitable, empire.

In a certain sense all people who have developed their own nature to the utmost are specialists. We give the name, indeed, to botanists and oculists, palæographers and lepidopterists, because these men devote their faculties to very strongly demarcated fields of study. But, if we regard the problem from the point of view of personality, the specialist is one who applies the whole of his energies to the single task for which he is specifically qualified. I mean it is no less a speciality in philosophers like Hegel, Comte, and Herbert Spencer, to attempt the co-ordination of all human knowledge in one system, than it is a speciality in men like Ehrenberg and Edison to concentrate their attention upon infusoria and electricity. Both types of individuals, those who strive to embrace the whole, and those who delve into a portion, stand in the same need of culture. I am speaking of culture now under its moral aspect, as teaching us to measure any man's littleness against the vastness of the whole. Auguste Comte, to take an example of one sort, was deficient in the spirit of real culture, because he thought he could reconstitute religion on a fanciful basis. Darwin was not deficient in this spirit of real culture, because he published his epoch-making theory as a simple hypothesis, restraining himself to rigorous inductions and to limited deductions within a certain sphere of knowledge. No one was more aware than Darwin that he had made a serious contribution to his own branch of science. But no one was more conscious of the immense dark sphere of inscrutabilities surrounding the little spark of light he had evoked.

I must repeat that culture is not an end in itself. It prepares a man for life, for work, for action, for the reception and emission of ideas. Life itself is larger than literature, than art, than science. Life does not exist for them, but they for life. This does not imply that it is better to be a man of no culture than a man of culture. The man of culture is obviously capable of living to more purpose, of getting a larger amount out of life, than the man of no culture. He can also judge more fairly in all cases of comparative criticism. Still, I am unable to perceive

that the refinements of the intellect on any line of its development involve an ennobling or a strengthening of the human being. Given individuals of equal calibre, as many wise men may be found among the artisans and peasants as among reputed *savants*. Household proverbs are not unfrequently a safer guide to conduct than the aphorisms of professors. We all of us probably have known flawless characters, men, as the Greeks said, "four-cornered without defect," who have not enjoyed the privileges of education. The life of no great nation lies either in humanism or science. The arts and literature of Italy in the sixteenth century did not make her powerful or virtuous. The so-called progress to which she is now sacrificing the monuments of her past, a progress dominated by scientific notions, has substituted ugliness and vulgarity for beauty and distinction, without adding an iota to her strength or general intelligence. We ought not to despise culture. The object of this article is to demonstrate its value. But the nearer a man has come to possessing it, the less will he over-estimate acquirements or accumulations of knowledge, the more importance will he attach to character, to personality, to energy, to independence.

At this point it may be useful to glance at the polemic which Walt Whitman, the prophet-poet of democracy, used to carry on against culture. His arguments, to a large extent, miss their mark, because they are directed against the vulgar conception of culture, as an imitative smattering, a self-assertiveness of so-called cultivated people. He has ignored the higher significance which may be given to the word, and which I have sought to bring forth. Yet much that he said is worthy of attention. He endeavoured to enforce the truth that a great and puissant nation does not live by sensibility and knowledge, but by the formation of character, by the development of personal energy. "What is our boasted culture?" he asks. "Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work American art, American drama, taste, &c.?" Culture is good in its way; but it is not what forms a manly personality, a sound and simple faith. "As now taught, accepted, and carried out, are not the processes of culture rapidly creating a class of supercilious infidels, who believe in nothing?" "Shall a man lose himself in countless masses of adjustments, and be so shaped with reference to this, that, and the other that the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and chipped away, like the bordering of box in a garden?" The only culture which is of service to a nation must aim less at polish than at the bracing of character. "It must have for its spinal meaning

the formation of typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of men, and not restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses." To the man of letters he exclaims :—

> "What is this you bring?
> Is it not something that has been better told or done before?
> Have you not imported this, or the spirit of it, in some ship?
> Is it not a mere tale? a rhyme? a prettiness?"

And again :

> "Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distilled from poems pass away;
> The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass, and leave ashes;
> Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make but the soil of literature."

The pith of his contention lies in the following admonition, which breathes the spirit of an antique Spartan or Roman: "Fear grace, elegance, civilisation, delicatesse." Shun the atmosphere which enfeebles, the learning which encumbers, the customs and traditions which trammel independence. Prophetic utterances of this sort are apt to be exaggerated. It is good, however, that cultured people should be told not to let culture draft them into cliques and coteries, separate them from the people, blunt them to the main thought-currents and vital interests of their age.

No great and spontaneous growths of art have arisen in an age of erudition and assimilation. The Greek drama, the Gothic style of architecture, the romantic drama of Elizabethan England, were products not of cultivated taste, but of instinctive genius. There is profound truth in what Herder taught to the young Goethe, that really great poetry has always been the product of a national spirit, and not the product of studies confined to a select few.

No one feels this more than one who, like myself, has devoted a large portion of his life to the history of that period which developed modern culture. I mean the Italian Renaissance. Humanism inflicted an irreparable damage on the national literature of Italy. It impeded the evolution of the mother-tongue by the preference given to composition in dead languages. It caused an abrupt division between the learned classes and the people. When men of genius began again to use Italian for great works of art, they found themselves hampered in two ways. They were clogged with classical reminiscences and precedents. They were separated from popular sympathy and deprived of popular support. The masterpieces of their predecessors, Petrarch

and Boccaccio, had become classics, and were slavishly imitated. It was not in the lyric or the drama, but in the plastic arts, that the national genius of the Italians expressed itself during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Germany presents a parallel instance. It is in music that the modern Germans have displayed their national originality. Yet the Germans have been the most thoroughly cultivated of the European nations during the last century and a half. That is to say, they have worked at both branches of culture, humanism and science, with the greatest diligence, and have applied both to literary studies with the most philosophical breadth of intelligence. It cannot be said, however, that the creative literature of this cultured race, in poetry, oratory, the drama, and the novel, taken as a whole, has been of the highest order. It is true that their representative man of genius, the Olympian Goethe, was essentially a poet of culture; and he shows to what altitudes the cultivated intellect may climb, when it resides in a noble and exceptionally-gifted personality. Goethe towers so markedly superior to all the other poets of culture upon German soil, that his example tests the rule.

Some of these sayings may sound hard in an age and country where culture appears to have superseded originality. They seem especially intended to discourage those of us who are doomed by the limitations of our nature to be critics, men of learning, taste, assimilation. We must comfort ourselves by reflecting that it is impossible to transcend the conditions of the times we live in, or the limits of our personality.

Society would reach something like perfection if each individual succeeded in self-effectuation, fulfilling the law of his own nature, and being distinguished from his neighbours by some marked quality, some special accomplishment. The concord of divers instruments constitutes the music of a symphony. The blending of distinct personalities creates the finest mental and moral harmony. To some extent, of course, this result is attained wherever human beings are associated. But we suffer too much from the tyranny of majorities, the oppression of custom, the gregarious instincts of commonplace and timid persons. As I have already tried to demonstrate, true culture tends to the differentiation of individualities, by enabling people to find out what they are made for, what they can do best, what their deepest self requires for its accomplishment. True culture is never in a condescending attitude. It knows that no kind of work, however trivial, ought to be regarded with contempt. People who carve cherry-stones, dance ballets, turn

rondeaux, are as much needed as those who till the soil, lead Cabinets, or fabricate new theories of the universe. True culture respects hand-labour upon equal terms with brain-labour, the mechanic with the inventor of machinery, the critic of poetry with the singer of poems, the actor with the playwright. The world wants all sorts, and wants each sort to be of the best quality. True culture knows that the quality cannot be first-rate when the species is looked down upon. On the other hand, false culture, the kind against which Walt Whitman prophesies, encourages the growth of prigs who despise folk because they do not pursue some branch of industry which is conventionally regarded as being higher in the scale than others. It makes Pharisees, who feel themselves superior to their neighbours, because these people do not belong to their own set, their own coterie, their own creed, and so forth.

The liberality and width of toleration upon which I am insisting as signs of true culture do not imply a facile acquiescence in every doctrine or in every mode of living. True culture does not prevent a man from being pugnacious, ready to fight for his opinions, eager to conquer in what he regards as the right cause. In the universal symphony strife is no less important than concord. Fully developed personalities cannot co-exist and energise together without clash and conflict. Innovation works with conservatism, powers of revolution and of progress combine with stationary or retrogressive forces, to keep the organism in a state of active energy. As Empedocles put it, both Love and Hate are necessary to the balance of the cosmic sphere. Culture prepares us to acquiesce in this state of things as part of the universal order. While recognising our own right and duty to struggle for the truth as we perceive it, we acknowledge the same right and the same duty in our opponents. For some reason hidden from our mortal ken the world was meant to be so governed. Phenomenal existence is in a perpetual state of becoming; becoming implies cohesion and dissolution; both processes involve contention. All the soldiers in all the armies, if they act with energy, sincerity, disinterested loyalty, serve one Lord and Master.

There is, therefore, no reason to fear that the higher culture should involve men in supercilious indifference, or cynical acceptance, or the Buddhistic inertia of contemplation.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

TO some of us it may afford but a chastened pleasure to find that we have not yet done with our Marie Bashkirtseff, and that we are invited to follow, not, indeed, that young person herself, but another lady constructed mainly on the same lines, through a novel of three volumes. It is still more disquieting to note the terms in which the author of *A Human Document* (Chapman and Hall) prepares us for the journey. It is a pity, he thinks, that a woman like Miss Bashkirtseff, "with such resolute frankness and such power of self-observation, should have died before her experiences were better worth observing"; and from what follows we naturally understand Mr. Mallock to mean that he proposes to put a fictitious Marie in some position in which her soul-wrigglings, so to speak, are really worth recording, and then to "turn on" an imaginary diarist to record them in the style of the well-known diary. Whereupon it occurs to us that if Mr. Mallock really finds nothing but "resolute frankness and power of self-observation" in this girl's self-conscious *fanfaronade des vices* of which she not only was not, but obviously could not by any possibility have been really guilty in their pretended intensity; and that if in this belief he means to make his fictitious Marie "improve upon" her facts as much as the real Marie was in the habit of improving upon hers, why, all we can say is that when the situation of the fictitious Marie becomes a really "strong" one, Mr. Mallock is likely to go—and to carry us—far. It may be frankly admitted, however, that these apprehensions are, if not unfounded, exaggerated. *A Human Document* is not a pleasant novel; but it has the arresting qualities of its author's work; and although, like others from the same hand, it manages somehow to produce in its cleverest parts a sense of wasted talent, there is no doubt that the talent is there.

The latest addition to the still rising cairn of Carlylean literature has

been deposited on it by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. His *Conversations with Carlyle* (Sampson Low and Co.) is a volume belonging to the later or Anti-Froudian Reaction period, and is a particularly good specimen of its class. What amuses and would amaze, if life did not show one the same phenomenon even more often than letters, is that the writers and readers of Carlyle books in both kinds appear themselves to be so little amused and so much amazed by the conflict. It is frankly astonishing to one side that the hero of Mr. Froude's biography should have been found genial, gentle, or forbearing by anybody. To Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who is very decidedly on the other side, it has been "a personal pain to find among honourable and cultivated people a conviction that Carlyle was hard, selfish, and arrogant." Is it not possible, one is tempted to ask again and again, in reading this memoir, is it not possible, excellent Sir Charles, that both you and your adversaries are right? Nobody but a simpleton can doubt that Carlyle had, and that he displayed in too great abundance, all these unattractive qualities which it pains this amiable friend of his to hear attributed to him. But, on the other hand, one would doubt not only the intelligence but the temper of him who should experience the smallest difficulty in believing that Carlyle could be all that Sir Charles Gavan Duffy found him. The idea of this savage satirist of Irish politics and politicians consoling the imprisoned patriot in 1848 is particularly pleasant to contemplate; but it ought not to surprise. The picture given in the volume is the more convincing because the painter shows no desire to soften any of its outlines. The talk of Carlyle, which is given with a Boswellian fidelity, displays plenty of that mordant ingredient in dealing with persons and their characteristics, which is so bitter to the taste of some —its offence being, as a rule, inversely proportioned to the artistic sense of those whom it offends. I say as a rule only, because there have been instances in which even the most appreciative of critical minds might find it impossible to regard this element in the Carlylean character sketches as neutrally as it should be regarded—that is to say, as neutrally as we regard the acid of the etcher. One thinks of a certain sketch of Charles Lamb, and of Mr. Swinburne's fierce retort upon its author, and one feels what is not always to be felt when poets strike in anger, that the provocation justified the blow. If there is nothing so outrageous as this in Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's volume, there is, on the other hand, nothing equal to that portrait of Thiers in the other Carlyle book of the month, *Last Words of Thomas Carlyle* (Longmans), which for

minute observation of the outer, and penetrative insight into the inner man, is, perhaps, entitled to the place of honour in that vast gallery of masterpieces to which it belongs. It deserves, at any rate, to hang "on the line" by the side of the "Highgate Coleridge."

When an author's first book is not the victorious enemy of his second, its title is often its successor's most malignant foe. Thus while the contents of Mr. Birrell's *Res Judicatæ* (Elliot Stock) very fairly sustain comparison with those of *Obiter Dicta*, the name he has given to the later volume contrasts unhappily in point of appropriateness with that of the book which, with etymology in my mind and the number of its editions under my eyes, I cannot call its "predecessor." It is all very well for Mr. Birrell to quote Blackham's Case 1, Salkeld 290, on his title-page in justification of the title: and to recall to us the judicial dictum that "such sentences do not, any more than the records of the superior courts, conclude as to matter which may or may not have been controverted." But he cannot get over the fact that whatever an "obiter dictum" is, that a "res judicata" is not, and therefore that whatever qualities were in the former volume of essays are either not in these or must render its title a misnomer by their presence. For my part I gladly adopt the latter alternative, having much relish for the qualities displayed in *Obiter Dicta*, and being no such stickler for precision of nomenclature as to prefer a correctly named to an agreeably written book. And Mr. Birrell writes here as agreeably as ever, and seldom more so than when there is least of the "recorded judgment" and most of the "passing observation" about what he has to say. Or to put it another way, he talks to a reader even better than he writes for him, and it is this perhaps which makes the first two essays in the series, originally composed as lectures, and therefore doubtless under something of the conversational stimulus—to me, at least—the most attractive of the series. The former of the two, the paper on Samuel Richardson, suffers a little here and there from Mr. Birrell's too much insistence on the too obvious contrast between Richardson and Fielding, which, moreover, real as it is, is capable of being exaggerated; but on Gibbon Mr. Birrell has both spoken and written admirably. I use the two words advisedly, and as intending to imply that the lecture, considered as a lecture, is a piece of clever, urbane, and entertaining talk, and that, considered as an essay, its criticism is at once sound and suggestive. The paper on Cowper is critically less adequate, and throughout those which follow—on Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold, George Borrow,

and others—one has far oftener to object to the critic than to the *causeur*. But, on the whole, Mr. Birrell's criticisms do not challenge even a combative reader, of opposing views and sympathies on many subjects, with indecent frequency ; and his *causerie* is unquestionably of excellent quality—natural, graceful, always in good taste, and, with its occasional touches of the humorous, displaying that indefinable but unmistakable and absolutely invaluable quality that belongs only to the pleasantry which has come unsought.

The new contribution to "The Muses Library" is Mr. G. A. Aitken's *Poems and Satires of Andrew Marvell* (Lawrence and Bullen). It was needed, for Dr. Grosart's four-volume edition of Marvell is not now easy to come by, and the buyer of it is fined by having to accept a large consignment of Marvell's prose by way of make-weight. Now, to be quite candid, Marvell's prose makes a good deal of weight. "The Rehearsal Trans-prosed" is not, indeed, without merit of style, and the reader's journey through it, or as far as he can get through it, is relieved every now and then by one of those passages of boisterous horseplay that served its author for controversial sarcasm ; but it is as dead as Bishop Parker himself for everybody but the devout Landorian, and even he is probably content to know no more of the prelate and his opinions than Landor has chosen to record or invent in one of the finest of the "Imaginary Conversations." So that, on the whole, we are well quit of Marvell's prose, and may without misgiving thank Mr. Aitken for giving us the poems and satires "neat." The latter, it is true, would in one sense be the better for a little dilution, for their flavour, no doubt, is occasionally strong to the point of rankness. But I do not find myself quite able to agree with a judgment recently pronounced against them on high critical authority as "not seldom dull, and constantly dirty with a dirt hardly elsewhere to be equalled." I should have said myself that they show the first of these vices as rarely, and the second not so often, as the satiric verse of Swift. As to the poems, however, there is far less room for dispute among competent critics. Marvell's best poetic work is not large, it must be owned, in bulk, but it is of fine quality. Much quotation of a certain famous passage, assuredly of unknown authorship to many of those who quote it, has not availed to rob the "Horatian Ode" of its distinction ; and no one who knows Marvell would give that classical imitation of a classic the first place in his work. Neither would they to the other, and once, I imagine, even more popularly quoted piece, and in which "the remote Bermudas ride." It

is as a love poet and the poet of the garden that Marvell has done all his best work, and some of his very best,—as in his beautiful lines to that fair young maiden viewed by him "in a Prospect of Flowers,"—where the sentiment of the two subjects is combined.

The output of poetry steadily maintains itself, and the usual monthly half-dozen new volumes of rhyme have duly presented themselves. None of them, or none that have come my way, are remarkable. How should they be? Poetry of all but the finest "brands" has long ceased to be remarkable, and the finest brands of anything even of poetry are necessarily rare. With the exception of the reprint of Mr. Lang's *Helen of Troy* (Longmans), whose second appearance I greet with respectful cordiality, though without prejudice to my preference for other work of its author in rhyme and metre, there has been nothing worthy of note in the poetic kind. *Fate in Arcadia* (Ward and Downey) is dedicated by Mr. Edwin J. Ellis "to the memory of John Keats," but it is not so much John Keats as William Blake that, both in its "original" illustrations by the author and its unoriginal verse, the volume faintly recalls. Yet one hesitates to say on this account that Mr. Ellis has none of the genuine article. The imitative element in him is not more pronounced than it has been in many poets who have afterwards attained to a voice of their own; and, what is always the most hopeful of signs, it is imitative in manner alone and not in matter. Mr. Ellis, that is to say, has already learnt to feel for himself, and not merely as he imagines that one of his favourite poets would feel on a given occasion, and he is able not only to feel, but to think for himself—which is a rare accomplishment when the singing robes are, as I assume Mr. Ellis's to be, still new. The author of a *Nineteenth Century Satire* (Eden, Remington) is, on the other hand, of those versifiers who are only not imitative because they do not possess sufficient faculty, and presumably (or otherwise they could not possibly refrain from burning their manuscript) have not enough appreciation of existing models in the art to which they have rashly devoted themselves, to think them worthy of imitation. The "chiel amang the 'classes' and the 'masses' takin' notes,"—to give him the allusive but scarcely convenient *nom de plume* which he has selected for himself—will not, I fear, revive the almost extinct art of poetical satire in the heroic metre He is, as perhaps was to be expected, more severe on the "classes" than "the masses," but even the thinner-skinned of his two victims—and everyone is entitled to his own opinion as to which *that* is— will hardly wince much under his

lash. If he wishes—as I feel quite sure he does not—to understand the difference between lines with a point to them and his own depressing couplets, he may be recommended to study *Verses to Order* (Methuen), a little volume in which "A. G.," one of the brightest of the contributors of humorous verse to the *Oxford Magazine*, has collected his metrical contributions to that light-hearted periodical.

Mr. Fergus Hume, whose name is associated in most minds with a "mystery"—although there are some who locate it not in a hansom cab, but in the book market—is desirous, as one gathers from the introduction to *How I Lived in Bohemia* (Arrowsmith), to show the public that "he can do better work than mere detective stories." To have shown them that he can do different work is the limit of his success: for his record of his life in Bohemia is desperately poor stuff, in which it is difficult to assign the prize for banality between the prose narrative and the intercalated verse. But, though foolish, it is not dull, and if Mr. Hume could only tell a plain tale for five minutes together without being haunted by the thought that he is expected to be funny, or eloquent, or pathetic, or something else which it is not in his power to be, this book would be almost readable. The style, it is hinted in the last chapter, is an "echo of Heine, a reminiscence of Charles Lamb, a plagiarism from Murger, and an imitation of Sterne." It would have been better to have been none of these things, though "Neque arcum Apollo tendit," even if it would scan, is not an Horatian warning against attempting tasks beyond one's strength. Horace would have to mark Mr. Hume's quotation like a mis-directed letter, "Not known here. Try Homer—bow of Ulysses."

It is a relief in these days to come across the word Norwegian in any kind of literature without finding in it a challenge or a battle cry. Mr. Keary's *Norway and the Norwegians* (Percival), and Mr. E. J. Goodman's *The Best Tour in Norway* (Sampson Low), encouragingly remind one that the country about which these two writers discourse has something else to show besides Henrik Ibsen. Mr. Keary, it is true, has something to say about that name of contention in one of his later chapters, but it comes at the end of a volume which, for its compact size, is quite a marvel of general information on its subject. Ibsen only appears in his proper place, and with his due amount of space, among the later literary products of a country which Mr. Keary has described for us, so to speak, from the glacial era down to the last election of the Storthing. His work is a little monument of patient and intelligent

research, and the traveller who takes it as a sort of spiritual itinerary to accompany him on the delightfully picturesque and interesting tour which Mr. Goodman marks out for him in his useful volume will in both matters do well. So, too, will he who takes Mr. Louis Felbermann for his guide through the country mapped out for him in *Hungary and its People* (Griffith, Farran and Co.). It is pleasant in a day of brutal disrespect for mythical pedigrees to learn that the Magyars claim direct descent from Nimrod, through a son who married a Caucasian princess. This, in point of antiquity, throws our British genealogical tree, with Æneas at the foot of it, into the shade. Perhaps it is only to be matched by the genealogy of Phairshon, the same who swore a feud against the Clan MacTavish, and who, it may be remembered, "had a son who married Noah's daughter, and almost spoilt the Flood by drinking up the water."

Those who have derived entertainment and light on one of the obscurest of all subjects from the military monographs of the late Mr George Hooper—as accomplished a critic of the art of war as the civilian world of our time has produced—will turn with interest to the posthumous volume which he left behind him in manuscript, and which has been prepared for publication by the piety of his son. *Abraham Fabert;* "the First Marshal of France who rose from the Ranks" (Longmans), deals less than one could wish, perhaps, with that side of his hero's career which Mr. Hooper's gifts and acquirements as an expert in military matters especially qualify him to illustrate; but the narrative is brightly written and flows easily along, and the figure of the stout seventeenth century soldier, who was the first to find the proverbial batôn in his private's "kit," is in itself sufficiently striking to interest in a far less skilfully drawn portrait than this.

A New Creed (Digby, Long and Co.) has all the appearance of an old conundrum born out of due time. The writer, evidently a pious and well-meaning soul—and from internal evidence one is inclined to suspect also a soul of the female sex—describes the struggle between the Northern and Southern States of the American Union as "the late" civil war, and there are other marks of apparent age in the writer's thought and expression which will not escape the attentive eye. A new creed, it is true, is none the worse for being "laid down" for a few years; but there is no visible reason why this particular theory of religion should not have been promulgated at once. For, with all respect for the manifestly excellent intentions of its author, I will confidently defy

anybody to extract from its one hundred and seventy-five pages what it is that the author himself or herself believes, and what he or she recommends his or her readers to believe, or even so much as suggests that with advantage to themselves they might, could, or should believe.

The distinguished hero of a recent biography is said to have described the work of the biographer of a living subject as "moral vivisection." There is, of course, some truth in the comparison, but it may be doubted whether, in the majority of cases, the embarrassment of the biographical operator is not more painful than the sufferings of the patient. The latter, however, does not always suffer any more than the unfortunate subject of the scientific investigator from an actual application of the knife. Instances have occurred, I believe, in which the animal selected for sacrifice in the cause of science has been, not dissected, but dosed. It is crammed with one particular kind of food, albuminous, oleaginous, farinaceous, or what not, in order to see what effect is produced on the system by strict confinement to one or other of these regimens. In *The Life of General Sir Charles Evelyn Wood* (Sampson Low) Mr. Charles Williams appears to have been conducting a scientific experiment of this kind. His apparent object is to ascertain what effect will be produced upon a distinguished military commander by confining him to a purely saccharine diet.

H. D. TRAILL.

THE DRAMA.

ARE you an earnest spirit? Are you of those who like to think that the time is out of joint and to cry with the vociferous pessimist in *Nightmare Abbey* that "the devil is come amongst us, having great wrath"? Then you may find ample excuse for dismay in the present posture of theatrical affairs. That, perhaps, is one reason among many why it is just as well not to be an earnest spirit. It is better, possibly, to be a Neo-Buddhist, with the gentle Anatole France, to admit cheerfully that all is vanity (the Yankee gentleman who remarked, "Brief life is here our portion—*parse* the beans," was a Neo-Buddhist without knowing it), and that the world is only an appearance —and to stay away from the playhouse altogether. But that is for many people a counsel of perfection. These persist in being busy and troubled about many things theatrical, grieve ostentatiously over the

present penury of dramatic production, and importune us with their several diagnoses of the mysterious malady from which our native stage is suffering. Some illustrious persons seem to think that it is all the fault of the Independent Theatre Society and of Free Trade in Art. Hang, draw, and quarter Mr. Grein, prohibit music-hall "sketches," and the moribund drama will be restored to vigorous health. But these are after-dinner deliverances, appealing only to the gentlemen who meet to magnify their apostleship at the pious orgies of theatrical charities. The British drama is dying of the *matinée* system, cry others. The *matinée* is for these what "le poumon" was for Molière's mock-doctor—the root of all evil. It is a mere affair of the clock, you see. M. Sardou was wont to declare that the French stage was going to the deuce because Parisians dined too late; now, it would seem, our own stage is in the same bad way because it is occasionally possible to go to the play before dining. Silly plays are produced at night; abolish the still sillier plays produced in the afternoon, and all will be well. That seems to be the argument. It is hardly convincing. We shall succeed in reviving the drama by studying the clock when we have managed to change the weather by inverting the barometer. And, as a matter of fact, there never were so few *matinées*, among recent seasons, as in this. "The New Criticism has killed the drama," an eminent playwright whispered in my ear the other day. "Why did he say this, sir?" asked Boswell, about a cryptic allusion of Pope's. "Sir," answered Johnson, "he wished to vex somebody." I presume that was also the wish of the eminent playwright. But his was a dark saying. I am not at all sure that I know what is meant by the New Criticism. What is this fearsome novelty? It appears to be as ferocious a wild beast as Artemus Ward's guyas-cutis. Eye of mortal man had never looked on Artemus's guyas-cutis; it was only heard of, like Madame Benoîton. When Artemus had collected all the crowd's cents and wanted to get rid of his audience, he would rattle a chain behind the scenes, and growl hideously. Then a pale-faced man rushed on the platform: "Gentlemen, the guyas-cutis has broken loose!" And they cleared out. Is there really a New Criticism, I wonder? Or is it only a rattling chain? Perhaps another eminent dramatist, Mr. Sydney Grundy, who invented the name, if not the thing (and that, now I think of it, in the pages of this very REVIEW), will tell us all about it? Meanwhile, I prefer to keep to the firm ground of fact, and the simple fact is that during the past month no English play has been produced worth recording.

In this evil case one is glad to be able to cry, with the Jacobite in *Tom Jones*, "Hurrah! the French have landed!" They have landed, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt at their head, and this incomparable woman has saved the situation. Incomparable truly, for she who openly boasts her proficiency in "*l'art d'être grand'mère*" has come back to us looking and, I dare swear, feeling, younger than ever, and playing as she has never played before. She has come back to us improved not only in quality but in quantity. "Ces Anglaises ont d'aimables surprises," said M. Pailleron's Duchess when she first saw prim Miss Lucy in a low dress. We may now say the same of Madame Bernhardt. You remember that phrase about Sir Willoughby Patterne? Well, Madame Bernhardt "has an arm," a fact which she graciously permits you to establish in *Cléopâtre*. Whether the real Cleopatra had so fine an arm we shall never know. Her nose was certainly too long—if any faith is to be placed in numismatics. All things considered, Madame Bernhardt is probably more of a Cleopatra than was Cleopatra herself. You will find in Rollin (where I have not read it—who reads Rollin?—it was in the new volume of M. France's delightful *Vie Littéraire* that I came across the sentence) that Cleopatra "allait paraître devant Antoine dans un âge où les femmes joignent à la fleur de leur beauté toute la force de l'esprit." It is at that fascinating age that the new Cleopatra has appeared before us. It would be patriotic but uncritical to complain that she appears before us not in Shakespeare's version of the great love story, but in Sardou's. After all, it is no heresy, I hope, to say that Sardou knows more about the East than Shakespeare did. What we lose in style, we gain in local colour. Shakespeare's play was noble, marmorean, Occidental; Sardou's is ignoble, chryselephantine, Oriental. And Shakespeare happened to write his play to please himself, a way your genius generally has when masterpieces are a-making, whereas Sardou has merely constructed his poem to order. It is a vehicle to carry the talent of a great actress. All this is only a roundabout way of saying that Sardou's Cleopatra gives me more poignant emotion than Shakespeare's. It is really not my fault. I happen, you see, to be a contemporary of Sardou's. If I had been born an Elizabethan, I might be otherwise minded. Now and then, when Shakespeare and Sardou are on common ground, as in the scene between the forsaken Queen and the messenger who comes to tell her of Antony's marriage, the comparison between the twain is not without a certain piquancy—and not so crushing to the smaller man as you might imagine. Shakespeare's scene is richer, of

course, in human nature, general human nature: Sardou's in wanton caprice, in animal ferocity, that is, in Oriental human nature. There is the advantage of belonging to a generation which has read *Les Orientales*, which has been to the Levant with Chateaubriand and Gautier and Pierre Loti (not to mention the Messrs. Cook), which has seen the pictures of Gérôme and Benjamin Constant, which has heard the music of *Aïda*. This scene of the messenger with the love-lorn Cleopatra, the victim of

Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée,

tossing on her couch, or straining her gaze from the star-lit terrace at Memphis into the desert, gives me just the impression I suppose it is intended to give, the impression of a stifling Eastern night, of a woman passing in a trice from voluptuous dreams to tigerish rage. That is what we Westerns expect the East to be like—those of us, that is, who have not gone there to be disillusioned. Just as M. Huysmans' Des Esseintes felt that he got a truer impression of England by visiting the wine shop in the Rue Castiglione, with its smell of damp sawdust and waterproofs, than by actually crossing the Channel, so I choose to think I get a better notion of Egypt from Sarah Bernhardt's Cleopatra than I should by taking the next P. and O. steamer to Port Said. Was not art invented for such ends? Do not we who read Gyp's novels in Piccadilly know more about Paris than the Parisians? We deceive ourselves, you say, and the truth is not in us? Nonsense: as good and true Neo-Buddhists, we know that the world is only appearance.

It is sometimes said (by the sort of man who could "damn the Equator") that Sarah may be great, but that she is always Sarah. Certainly there are many people who go to see Sarah, not the part. But this foolish party has always existed in the playhouse. A good deal more than a century ago Rousseau wrote of the Parisians: "L'acteur, pour eux est toujours l'acteur, jamais le personnage qu'il représente. Cet homme qui parle en maître du monde n'est pas Auguste, c'est Baron; la veuve de Pompée est Adrienne; Alzire est Mademoiselle Gaussin, et ce fier sauvage est Grandval." But if Sarah is always Sarah, always more important than her part, she is so only in the sense that the greater includes the less, that her nature is richer than any which a dramatist can invent. You have an instance of this in *Pauline Blanchard*, an adaptation by MM. Darmont and Humblot of a novel by M. Jules Case, whose simple peasant-heroine is certainly a mere fractional part of the Eternal Feminine which Madame Bernhardt can portray. It is a

jejune, artless bit of work this ruro-drama of MM. Darmont and Humblot, but its very artlessness, its plentiful lack of the *science des planches* gives it a not disagreeable freshness by comparison with the obtrusively adroit theatre of Sardou. It has the "strange irregular rhythm of life" which ought to qualify it for a place in "Lé Théâtre Vivant," about which M. Jean Jullien has so much to say in his recently published volume of that name. Its story is of primeval simplicity, as befits a village tragedy. Pauline is married against her will, quits her husband on her wedding day, in the hope that her lover will come to her aid, but when he comes it is only to persuade her to return to her husband. She does return—a mad woman—and at her husband's first caress she cuts his throat with a sickle. It is not, however, the story which interests: it is the atmosphere—the atmosphere of a little rustic commune in Central France. The peasants are not the Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses of the stage, they talk authentic patois and treat one another with as frank a brutality as though they had read M. Zola's *La Terre*, and wanted to live up, or down, to it. There is a scene of a country wedding, *devant M. le Maire* (as Indiana said to Charlemagne) which one feels instinctively must be the very image of the real thing. Such a picture of prosaic ugliness could never have been invented. M. le Maire himself is a monument of red-ribboned dignity, conscious probity, and quaint tailoring, such as only rural France can show. Nor is the inevitable village-idiot absent. It is this faithful rusticity, a certain odour of mother earth about the play, which marks off *Pauline Blanchard* from every other piece in Madame Bernhardt's repertory. But the play did not succeed in London. People went, as usual, to see the actress; and as her scenes of patient suffering, or of madness, or of homicide were, as it happened, the least novel, the least significant parts of the drama, they came away disappointed.

Into the financial reasons which are said to account for the sudden collapse of M. Coquelin's season at the Opera Comique it is no business of mine to enter. Besides, the artistic reasons, I think, sufficiently meet the case. To open with so dull a play as *Thermidor* was a tactical error, and to follow that up with Delair's *Mégère Apprivoisée* before a public which had seen Ada Rehan in *The Taming of the Shrew* was, as Mr. Louis Stevenson would say, temerarious. The interdiction of M. Sardou's play has given it—as the Lord Chamberlain's interference has given more English plays than one—an importance which its own merits would never have gained for it. The fact that it appeals to the